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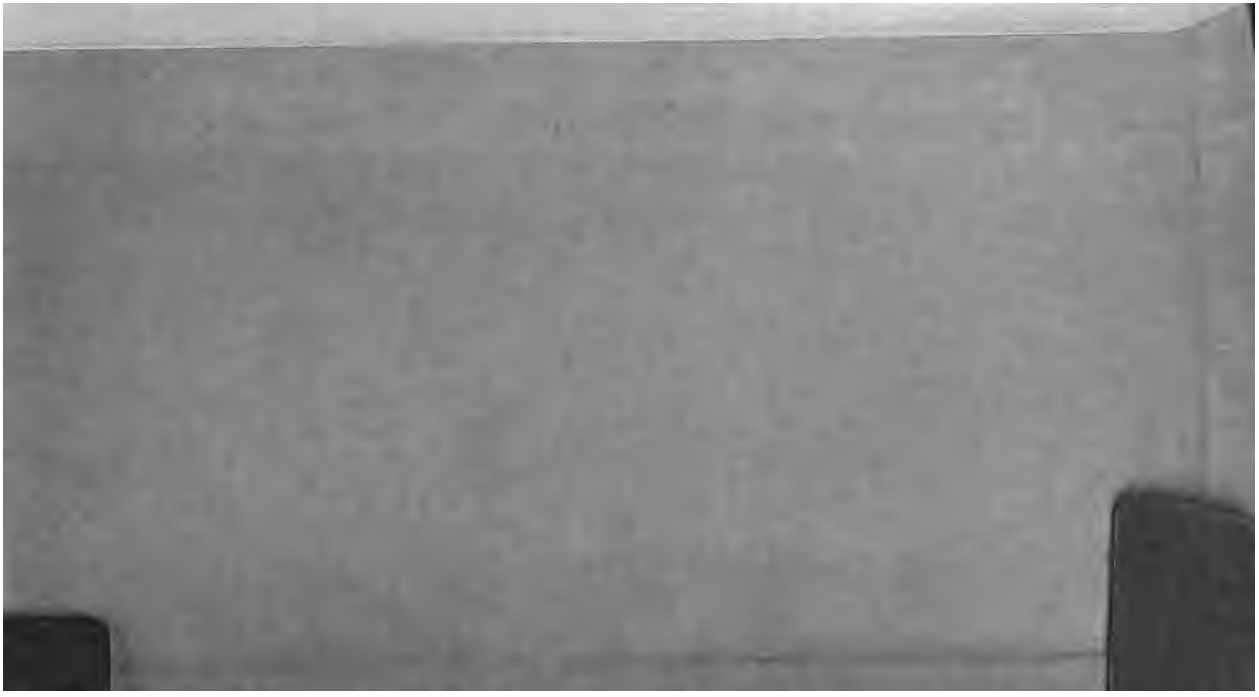

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LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.

Prebendary of York, &c &c.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS. — IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

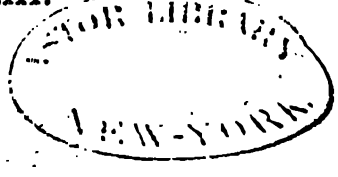
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, J. DODSLEY, G. KEARSLEY, T. LOWNDES, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, J. MURRAY, T. BECKET, R. BALDWIN, AND T. EVANS.

MDCCLXXX.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE works of Mr. Sterne, after contending with the prejudices of ſome, and the ignorance of others, have at length obtained that general approbation which they are entitled to by their various, original, and intrinſic merits. No writer of the preſent times can lay claim to ſo many unborrowed excellencies. In none, have wit, humour, fancy, pathos, an unbounded knowledge of mankind, and a correct and elegant ſtyle, been ſo happily united. Theſe properties, which render him the delight of every reader of taſte, have ſurmounted all oppoſition. Even envy, prudery, and hypocriſy are ſilent.

Time, which allots to each author his due portion of fame, and admits a free diſcuſſion of his beauties and faults, without favour and without partiality, hath done ample juſtice to the ſuperior genius of Mr. Sterne. It hath fixed his reputation as one of the firſt writers in the Engliſh language, on the firmeſt ba-

ſis, and advanced him to the rank of a claſſick. As ſuch, it becomes a debt of gratitude, to collect his ſcattered performances into a complete edition, with thoſe embelliſhments uſually beſtowed on our moſt diſtinguiſhed authors.

This hath been attempted in the preſent edition, which comprehends all the works of Mr. Sterne, either made public in his life-time or ſince his death. They are printed from the beſt and moſt correct copies, with no other alterations than what became neceſſary from the correction of literal errors. The letters are arranged according to their ſeveral dates, as far as they can be diſcovered, and a few illuſtrations added, to explain ſome temporary circumſtances mentioned or alluded to in them. Thoſe which are confeſſedly ſpurious are rejected; and, that no credit may be given to ſuch as are of doubtful authority, it will be proper to obſerve, that the letters numbered 129, 130, 131, have not thoſe proofs of authenticity which the others poſſeſs. They cannot however be pronounced forgeries with ſo

much confidence as ſome * which are diſcarded from the preſent edition may be, and therefore are retained in it.

That no part of the genuine works of Mr. Sterne might be omitted, his own account of himſelf and his family is inſerted, without variation. But as this appears to have been a haſty compoſition, intended only for the information of his daughter, a ſmall number of facts and dates, by way of notes, are added to it. Theſe it is preſumed will not be conſidered as improper additions.

It would be treſpaſſing on the reader's patience, to detain him any longer from the pleaſure which theſe volumes will afford, by beſpeaking his favour either for the author or his works. The former is out of the reach of cenſure or praiſe; and the reputation of the latter is too well eſtabliſhed to be either ſupported or ſhook by panegyric or criticiſm. To the taſte therefore, the feelings, the good ſenſe, and the candour of the public, the

* See the Preface to a work publiſhed in 1779, intituled "Letters ſuppoſed to have been written by YORICK to ELIZA."

arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a ſad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy deſcription of this journey not neceſſary to be tranſmitted here). In twelve months we were all ſent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, (for ſhe laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram), took ſhip at Briſtol, for Ireland, and had a narrow eſcape from being caſt away by a leak ſpringing up in the veſſel.—At length, after many perils, and ſtruggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large houſe, furniſhed it, and in a year and a half's time ſpent a great deal of money.——In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen, all unhing'd again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Iſle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Briſtol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Iſle of Wight—where I remember we ſtayed encamped ſome time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Briſtol to Hampſhire we loſt poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the ſmall-pox), my

mother, ſiſter, and myſelf, remained at the Iſle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father ſent for us.—We had poor Joram's loſs ſupplied during our ſtay in the Iſle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thouſand ſeven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty bloſſom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—ſhe was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to laſt long, as were moſt of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been caſt away by a moſt violent ſtorm; but through the interceſſions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we ſtayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for ſome weeks given us over for loſt.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow, one year, (one thouſand ſeven hundred and twenty) when Devijeher (ſo called after Colonel Devijeher), was born; from thence we decamped to ſtay half a year with Mr. Fetherſton, a clergyman, about ſeven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parſonage at

Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year.—In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c.—The regiment ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days—little Devijeher here died, he was three years old—He had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the summer after—another child sent to fill his place, Susan;

this babe too left us behind in this weary journey—The autumn of that year, or the ſpring afterwards, (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at ſchool—which he did near Halifax, with an able maſter; with whom I ſtaid ſome time, 'till by God's care of me my couſin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and ſent me to the univerſity, &c. &c. To purſue the thread of our ſtory, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another ſiſter was brought forth, Catherine, ſtill living, but moſt unhappily eſtranged from me by my uncle's wickedneſs, and her own folly—from this ſtation the regiment was ſent to defend Gibraltar, at the ſiege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel, (the quarrel began about a gooſe) with much difficulty he ſurvived—though with an impaired conſtitution, which was not able to withſtand the hardſhips it was put to—for he was ſent to Jamaica, where he ſoon fell by the country fever, which took away his ſenſes firſt, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he ſat down in an arm chair, and breathed his laſt—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the iſland.—My father was a

little ſmart man—active to the laſt degree, in all exerciſes—moſt patient of fatigue and diſappointments, of which it pleaſed God to give him full meaſure—he was in his temper ſomewhat rapid, and haſty—but of a kindly, ſweet diſpoſition, void of all deſign; and ſo innocent in his own intentions, that he ſuſpected no one; ſo that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been ſufficient for your purpoſe—my poor father died in March, 1731—I remained at Halifax 'till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myſelf, and ſchool-maſter—He had had the ceiling of the ſchool-room new white-waſhed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a bruſh in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the uſher ſeverely whipped me. My maſter was very much hurt at this, and ſaid, before me, that never ſhould that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was ſure I ſhould come to preferment—this expreſſion made me forget the ſtripes I had received—In the year thirty-two * my couſin ſent me to the univer-

* He was admitted of Jeſus College, in the univerſity of Cambridge, 6th July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March, 1735.

Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.

——— M. A. at the Commencement, 1740.

ſity, where I ſtaid ſome time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendſhip with Mr. H . . . which has been moſt laſting on both ſides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—ſhe owned ſhe liked me, but thought herſelf not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—ſhe went to her ſiſter's in S——, and I wrote to her often—I believe then ſhe was partly determined to have me, but would not ſay ſo—at her return ſhe fell into a conſumption—and one evening that I was ſitting by her with an almoſt broken heart to ſee her ſo ill, ſhe ſaid, "my dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every ſhilling of my fortune;" —upon that ſhe ſhewed me her will—this generoſity overpowered me.—It pleaſed God that ſhe recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. * My uncle and myſelf were then upon very good terms, for he ſoon got me

* Jaques Sterne, LL. D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Reſidentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Riſe, and Rector of Hornſea cum Riſton, both in the Eaſt Riding of the county of York. He died June 9, 1759.

the Prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, becauſe I would not write paragraphs in the news-papers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and deteſted ſuch dirty work: thinking it beneath me—from that period, he * became my bittereſt enemy.—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of her's in the ſouth had promiſed her, that if ſhe married a clergyman in Yorkſhire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health.—Books, † painting, fiddling, and ſhooting were my amuſements; as to the Squire of the pariſh, I cannot ſay we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——s ſhewed us every kindneſs—'twas moſt truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends—In the year 1760, I took a houſe at York for your mother and yourſelf, and went up to London to

* It hath however been inſinuated, that he for ſome time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the whig intereſt. *Monthly Review*, vol. 53, p. 344.

† A ſpecimen of Mr. Sterne's abilities in the art of deſigning, may be ſeen in Mr. Wodhul's poems, 8vo. 1772.

publiſh * my two firſt volumes of Shandy †. In that year Lord Falconbridge preſented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a ſweet retirement in compariſon of Sutton. In ſixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me.—I left you both in France, and in two years after I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England, with me—ſhe ‡ and yourſelf are at length come—and I

* The firſt edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

† The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:

1747. The Caſe of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath conſidered: A charity-ſermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the ſupport of two charity-ſchools in York.

1750. The Abuſes of Conſcience: Set forth in a ſermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter's, York, at the ſummer aſſizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2, of Triſtram Shandy.

1760. Vol. 1 and 2, of Sermons.

1761. Vol. 3 and 4, of Triſtram Shandy.

1762. Vol. 5 and 6, of Triſtram Shandy.

1765. Vol. 7 and 8, of Triſtram Shandy.

1766. Vol. 3 and 4, of Sermons.

1767. Vol. 9, of Triſtram Shandy.

1768. The Sentimental Journey.

The remainder of his works were publiſhed after his death.

‡ From this paſſage it appears that the preſent account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family was written about ſix months only before his death.

have had the inexpreſſible joy of ſeeing my girl every thing I wiſhed her.

I have ſet down theſe particulars relating to my family, and ſelf, for my Lydia, in caſe hereafter ſhe might have a curioſity, or a kinder motive to know them.

AS Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himſelf until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London in order to publiſh *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding ſummer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for ſome time declining, but he continued to viſit his friends, and retained his uſual flow of ſpirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the ſolicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect ſo much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented ſome others in the collection were permitted to ſee the light. After a ſhort ſtruggle with his diſorder, his debilitated and worn out frame ſubmitted to fate on the 18th day of

March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-ſtreet. He was buried at the new burying-ground, belonging to the pariſh of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, on the 22d of the ſame month, in the moſt private manner; and hath ſince been indebted to ſtrangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inſcribed.

"Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 13th, 1768*,
Aged 53 Years.
"*Ah! molliter oſſa quieſcant.*"

If a ſound Head, warm Heart, and Breaſt humane,
Unſullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
If mental Powers could ever juſtly claim
The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
Sterne was *the Man*, who with gigantic Stride,
Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
Yet what, though keeneſt Knowledge of Mankind
Unſeal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind;
What did it coſt him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
By Fools inſulted, and by Prudes accus'd.
In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate,
Like him deſpiſe, what 'twere a Sin to hate.

* It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve that this date is erroneous.

This monumental ſtone was erected by two brother maſons; for although he did not live to be a member of their ſociety, yet as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and ſquare, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

W & S."

THE

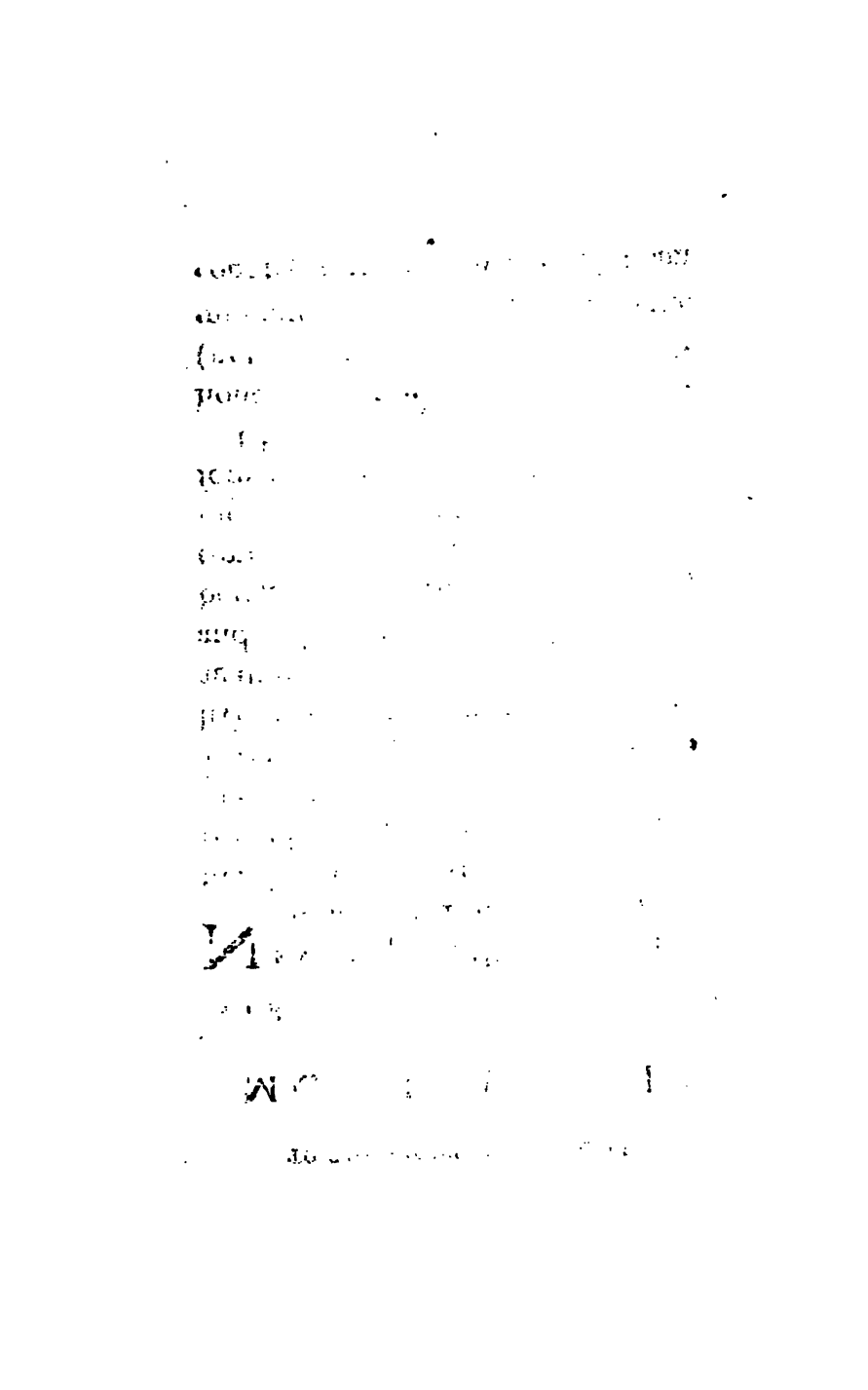
LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὰς Ἀνθρώπους ὐ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δόγματα.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had leſs hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retir'd thatch'd houſe, where I live in a conſtant endeavour to fence againſt the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly perſuaded that every time a man ſmiles,——but much more ſo, when he laughs, it adds ſomething to this Fragment of Life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—— (not under your Protection,——it muſt protect itſelf, but)——into the country with you; where, if I am

ever told, it has made you ſmile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain——I ſhall think myſelf as happy as a miniſter of ſtate; ———perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have read or heard of.

I am, GREAT SIR,

(and what is more to your Honour)

I am, GOOD SIR,

Your Well-wiſher, and

moſt humble Fellow-ſubject,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE and OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I Wiſh either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; had they duly conſider'd how much depended upon what they were then doing;—that not only the production of a rational Being was concerned in it, but that poſſibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very caſt of his mind;—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole houſe might take their turn from

the humours and diſpoſitions which were then uppermoſt; —— Had they duly weighed and conſidered all this, and proceeded accordingly,——I am verily perſuaded I ſhould have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to ſee me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not ſo inconſiderable a thing as many of you may think it;—you have all, I dare ſay, heard of the animal ſpirits, as how they are transfuſed from father to ſon, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpoſe:—Well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's ſenſe or his nonſenſe, his ſucceſſes and miſcarriages in this world depend, upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into, ſo that when they are once ſet a-going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a half-penny matter,—away they go cluttering like hey-go mad; and by treading the ſame ſteps over and over again, they preſently make a road of it, as plain and as ſmooth as a garden-walk, which, when they are once uſed to, the Devil

himſelf ſometimes ſhall not be able to drive them off it.

Pray, my Dear, quoth my mother, *have you not forgot to wind up the clock?*——— *Good G—!* cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the ſame time,—— *Did ever woman, ſince the creation of the world, interrupt a man with ſuch a ſilly queſtion?* Pray, what was your father ſaying?———Nothing.

CHAP. II.

———Then, poſitively, there is nothing in the queſtion that I can ſee, either good or bad.——Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unſeaſonable queſtion at leaſt,—becauſe it ſcattered and diſperſed the animal ſpirits, whoſe buſineſs it was to have eſcorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him ſafe to the place deſtined for his reception.

The HOMUNCULUS, Sir, in however

low and ludicrous a light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reaſon in ſcientifick reſearch, he ſtands confeſs'd—a BEING guarded and circumſcribed with rights.——The minuteſt philoſophers, who, by the bye, have the moſt enlarged underſtandings, (their ſouls being inverſely as their enquiries) ſhew us inconteſtably, that the HOMUNCULUS is created by the ſame hand,—engender'd in the ſame courſe of nature,—endow'd with the ſame loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—That he conſiſts as we do, of ſkin, hair, fat, fleſh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a Being of as much activity,—and, in all ſenſes of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature as my Lord Chancellor of *England*.—He may be benefited,—he may be injured,—he may obtain redreſs;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which *Tully*, *Puffendorf*, or the beſt ethick

writers allow to ariſe out of that ſtate and relation.

Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone!—or that, thro' terror of it, natural to ſo young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miſerably ſpent;—his muſcular ſtrength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal ſpirits ruffled beyond deſcription,—and that in this ſad diſorder'd ſtate of nerves, he had lain down a prey to ſudden ſtarts, or a ſeries of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together.—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thouſand weakneſſes both of body and mind, which no ſkill of the phyſician or the philoſopher could ever afterwards have ſet thoroughly to rights.

CHAP. III.

TO my uncle Mr. *Toby Shandy* do I ſtand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was

an excellent natural philoſopher, and much given to cloſe reaſoning upon the ſmalleſt matters, had oft, and heavily complained of the injury; but once more particularly, as my uncle *Toby* well remember'd, upon his obſerving a moſt unaccountable obliquity, (as he call'd it) in my manner of ſetting up my top, and juſtifying the principles upon which I had done it,—the old gentleman ſhook his head, and in a tone more expreſſive by half of ſorrow than reproach,—he ſaid his heart all along foreboded, and he ſaw it verified in this, and from a thouſand other obſervations he had made upon me, That I ſhould neither think nor act like any other man's child:—*But alas!* continued he, ſhaking his head a ſecond time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, *My Triſtram's miſfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.*

—My mother, who was ſitting by, look'd up,—but ſhe knew no more than her backſide what my father meant,—but my uncle, Mr. *Toby Shandy*, who had

been often informed of the affair,—underſtood him very well.

CHAP. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it, who are no readers at all,—who find themſelves ill at eaſe, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret from firſt to laſt, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardneſs in my nature to diſappoint any one ſoul living, that I have been ſo very particular already. As my life and opinions are likely to make ſome noiſe in the world, and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, profeſſions, and denominations of men whatever,—be no leſs read than the *Pilgrim's Progreſs* itſelf—and in the end, prove the very thing which *Montaigne* dreaded his Eſſays ſhould turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window;—I find it neceſſary to conſult every one a little in his turn; and therefore muſt beg par-

don for going on a little farther in the ſame way: For which cauſe, right glad I am, that I have begun the hiſtory of myſelf in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as *Horace* ſays, *ab Ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this faſhion altogether: But that gentleman is ſpeaking only of an epic poem or a tragedy;—(I forget which,)—beſides, if it was not ſo, I ſhould beg Mr. *Horace*'s pardon;—for in writing what I have ſet about, I ſhall confine myſelf neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To ſuch, however, as do not chooſe to go ſo far back into theſe things, I can give no better advice, than that they ſkip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before-hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquiſitive.

——————Shut the door.——————

I was begot in the night, betwixt the firſt *Sunday* and the firſt *Monday* in the month of *March*, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen. I

am poſitive I was.—But how I came to be ſo very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another ſmall anecdote known only in our own family, but now made publick for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you muſt know, who was originally a *Turkey* merchant, but had left off buſineſs for ſome years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal eſtate in the county of———, was, I believe, one of the moſt regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of buſineſs, or matter of amuſement, that ever lived. As a ſmall ſpecimen of this extreme exactneſs of his, to which he was in truth a ſlave,—he had made it a rule for many years of his life,—on the firſt *Sunday-night* of every month throughout the whole year,—as certain as ever the *Sunday-night* came,——to wind up a large houſe-clock, which we had ſtanding on the back-ſtairs head, with his own hands: —And being ſomewhere between fifty and ſixty years of age at the time I have been ſpeaking of,—he had likewiſe gra-

dually brought ſome other little family concernments to the ſame period, in order, as he would often ſay to my uncle *Toby*, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and peſtered with them the reſt of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great meaſure, fell upon myſelf, and the effects of which I fear I ſhall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy aſſociation of ideas, which have no connection in nature, it ſo fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the ſaid clock wound up,——but the thoughts of ſome other things unavoidably popped into her head—*& vice verſâ:*—— Which ſtrange combination of ideas, the ſagacious *Locke*, who certainly underſtood the nature of theſe things better than moſt men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other ſources of prejudice whatſoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies

upon the table, "That on *Lady-day*, which was on the 25th of the ſame month in which I date my geniture,—— my father ſet out upon his journey to *London*, with my eldeſt brother *Bobby*, to fix him at *Weſtminſter* ſchool;" and, as it appears from the ſame authority, "That he did not get down to his wife and family till the *ſecond week* in *May* following,"—it brings the thing almoſt to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all poſſibility of doubt.

———But pray, Sir, What was your father doing all *December*—*January*, and *February?*——Why, Madam,—he was all that time afflicted with a Sciatica.

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of *November*, 1718; which to the æra fixed on, was as near nine kalendar months as any huſband could in reaſon have expected, —was I *Triſtram Shandy*, Gentleman, brought forth into this ſcurvy and diſ-

afterous world of ours.——I wiſh I had been born in the Moon, or in any of the planets, (except *Jupiter* or *Saturn*, becauſe I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worſe with me in any of them (though I will not anſwer for *Venus*) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours,—which, o' my conſcience, with reverence be it ſpoken, I take to be made up of the ſhreds and clippings of the reſt;——not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great eſtate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power;—— but that is not my caſe;——and therefore every man will ſpeak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;——— for which cauſe I affirm it over again to be one of the vileſt worlds that ever was made;—for I can truly ſay, that from the firſt hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now ſcarce draw it at all, for an aſthma I got in ſcating againſt the wind in *Flanders*;—I have been the

continual ſport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her by ſaying, She has ever made me feel the weight of any great or ſignal evil;——yet with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every ſtage of my life, and at every turn and corner where ſhe could get fairly at me, the ungracious ducheſs has pelted me with a ſet of as pitiful miſadventures and croſs accidents as ever ſmall HERO ſuſtained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the laſt chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. *No*, that particular was reſerved entirely for a chapter by itſelf;—beſides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect ſtrangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumſtances relating to myſelf all at once. —You muſt have a little patience. I have undertaken, you ſee, to write not

only my life, but my opinions alſo; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better reliſh for the other: As you proceed farther with me, the ſlight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unleſs one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendſhip.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you ſhould think me ſomewhat ſparing of my narrative on my firſt ſetting out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my ſtory my own way:—Or, if I ſhould ſeem now and then to trifle upon the road,—or ſhould ſometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we paſs along,—don't fly off,—but rather courteouſly give me credit for a little more wiſdom than appears upon my outſide;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or

in ſhort, do any thing,—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the ſame village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt alſo a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good ſenſe, and ſome years full employment in her buſineſs, in which ſhe had all along truſted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to thoſe of dame Nature,—had acquired, in her way, no ſmall degree of reputation in the world:——by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worſhip, that I would be underſtood to mean no more of it, than a ſmall circle deſcribed upon the circle of the great world, of four *Engliſh* miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is ſuppoſed to be the centre.—She had been left, it ſeems, a widow in great diſtreſs, with three or four ſmall children, in her forty-ſeventh year;

and as ſhe was at that time a perſon of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compaſſion, whoſe diſtreſs, and ſilence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift: the wife of the parſon of the pariſh was touched with pity; and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her huſband's flock had for many years been expoſed, inaſmuch, as there was no ſuch thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the caſe have been never ſo urgent, within leſs than ſix or ſeven long miles riding; which ſaid ſeven long miles in dark nights and diſmal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almoſt equal to fourteen; and that in effect was ſometimes next to having no midwife at all; it came into her head, that it would be doing as ſeaſonable a kindneſs to the whole pariſh, as to the poor creature herſelf, to get her a little inſtructed in ſome of the plain principles of the buſineſs, in order to ſet her up in it. As no woman

thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan ſhe had formed than herſelf, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the pariſh, ſhe found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmoſt of her wiſhes. In truth, the parſon join'd his intereſt with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they ſhould be, and give the poor ſoul as good a title by law to practiſe, as his wife had given by inſtitution, —he chearfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himſelf, amounting in the whole, to the ſum of eighteen ſhillings and four pence; ſo that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully inveſted in the real and corporal poſſeſſion of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances whatſoever.*

Theſe laſt words, you muſt know, were not according to the old form in which ſuch licences, faculties, and powers uſually ran, which in like caſes had heretofore been granted to the ſiſterhood.

But it was according to a neat *Formula* of *Didius* his own deviſing, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces, and new framing over again, all kind of inſtruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licenſed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afreſh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inſerted.

I own I never could envy *Didius* in theſe kinds of fancies of his:—But every man to his own taſte.—Did not Dr. *Kunaſtrokius*, that great man, at his leiſure hours, take the greateſt delight imaginable in combing of aſſes tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wiſeſt of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himſelf,—have they not had their HOBBY-HORSES;—their running horſes,—their coins and their cockle-ſhells, their drums and their trumpets, their fiddles, their pallets,—their maggots and their butterflies?—

and ſo long as a man rides his HOBBY-HORSE peaceably and quietly along the King's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him,—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAP. VIII.

—*De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*;—that is, there is no diſputing againſt HOBBY-HORSES; and for my part, I ſeldom do; nor could I with any ſort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fiddler and painter, according as the fly ſtings:—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myſelf, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though ſometimes, to my ſhame be it ſpoken, I take ſomewhat longer journies than what a wiſe man would think altogether right.—But the truth is,—I am not a wiſe man;—and beſides

am a mortal of ſo little conſequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do: ſo I ſeldom fret or fume at all about it: Nor does it much diſturb my reſt, when I ſee ſuch great Lords and tall Perſonages as hereafter follow;—ſuch, for inſtance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and ſo on, all of a row, mounted upon their ſeveral horſes;—ſome with large ſtirrups, getting on in a more grave and ſober pace;——others on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips acroſs their mouths, ſcouring and ſcampering it away like ſo many little party-coloured devils aſtride a mortgage,—and as if ſome of them were reſolved to break their necks.——So much the better—ſay I to myſelf;—for in caſe the worſt ſhould happen, the world will make a ſhift to do excellently well without them; and for the reſt,——why——God ſpeed them——e'en let them ride on without oppoſition from me; for were their lordſhips unhorſed this very night—'tis ten to one but that many of them would be

worſe mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not one of theſe inſtances therefore can be ſaid to break in upon my reſt. ——But there is an inſtance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I ſee one born for great actions, and what is ſtill more for his honour, whoſe nature ever inclines him to good ones; —when I behold ſuch a one, my Lord, like yourſelf, whoſe principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reaſon, a corrupt world cannot ſpare one moment; —when I ſee ſuch a one, my Lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has preſcribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wiſhes, — then, my Lord, I ceaſe to be a philoſopher, and in the firſt tranſport of an honeſt impatience, I wiſh the HOBBY-HORSE, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

"My Lord,

"I Maintain this to be a dedication, notwithſtanding its ſingularity in "the three great eſſentials of matter, "form and place: I beg, therefore, you "will accept it as ſuch, and that you will "permit me to lay it, with the moſt re- "ſpectful humility, at your Lordſhip's "feet,—when you are upon them,— "which you can be when you pleaſe;— "and that is, my Lord, whenever there "is occaſion for it, and I will add, to "the beſt purpoſes too. I have the ho- "nour to be,

My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt devoted,
and moſt humble ſervant,
TRISTRAM SHANDY."

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all minkind, that the above dedication was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potentate,—Duke Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or

Baron, of this, or any other Realm in Chriſtendom;—— nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publicly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one perſon or perſonage, great or ſmall; but is honeſtly a true Virgin-Dedication untried on, upon any ſoul living.

I labour this point ſo particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might ariſe againſt it from the manner in which I propoſe to make the moſt of it;—which is the putting it up fairly to public ſale; which I now do.

——Every author has a way of his own, in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry; —I reſolved within myſelf, from the very beginning, to deal ſquarely and openly with your Great Folks in this affair, and try whether I ſhould not come off the better by it.

If therefore there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viſcount, or Baron, in theſe his Majeſty's dominions, who ſtands in need of a tight, genteel dedication,

and whom the above will ſuit, (for by the bye, unleſs it ſuits in ſome degree, I will not part with it)——it is much at his ſervice for fifty guineas;——which I am poſitive is twenty guineas leſs than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My Lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a groſs piece of daubing, as ſome dedications are. The deſign, your Lordſhip ſees, is good, — the colouring tranſparent, — the drawing not amiſs; — or to ſpeak more like a man of ſcience,—and meaſure my piece in the painter's ſcale, divided into 20, — I believe, my Lord, the outlines will turn out as 12,—the compoſition as 9, — the colouring as 6, — the expreſſion 13 and a half,—and the deſign,—if I may be allowed, my Lord, to underſtand my own *deſign*, and ſuppoſing abſolute perfection in deſigning, to be as 20,—I think it cannot well fall ſhort of 19. Beſides all this, — there is keeping in it, and the dark ſtrokes in the HOBBY-HORSE, (which is a ſecondary figure, and a kind

of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;——and beſides, there is an air of originality in the *tout enſemble.*

Be pleaſed, my good Lord, to order the ſum to be paid into the hands of Mr. *Dodſley*, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care ſhall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordſhip's titles, diſtinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: All which, from the words, *De guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*, and whatever elſe in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, ſhall ſtand dedicated to your Lordſhip.—The reſt I dedicate to the Moon, who, by the bye, of all the PATRONS or MATRONS I can think of, has moſt power to ſet my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddeſs,

If thou art not too buſy with CANDID

and Miſs CUNEGUND's affairs, — take *Triſtram Shandy*'s under thy protection alſo.

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of ſmall merit the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might juſtly claim, or in whom that claim truly reſted,—at firſt ſight ſeems not very material to this hiſtory;——certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parſon's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: And yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parſon himſelf, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the deſign firſt,—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to ſome ſhare of it, — if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world at that time was pleaſed to determine the matter otherwiſe.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable gueſs at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known then, that, for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had ſo circumſtantial an account,—the parſon we have to do with had made himſelf a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed againſt himſelf, his ſtation, and his office;—and that was in never appearing better, or otherwiſe mounted, than upon a lean, ſorry, jack-aſs of a horſe, value about one pound fifteen ſhillings; who, to ſhorten all deſcription of him, was full brother to *Roſinante*, as far as ſimilitude congenial could make him; for he anſwered his deſcription to a hair-breadth in every thing,—except that I do not remember 'tis any where ſaid, that *Roſinante* was broken winded; and that, moreover, *Roſinante*, as is the happineſs of moſt *Spaniſh* horſes, fat or lean,—was undoubtedly a horſe at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's

horſe was a horſe of chaſte deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: But it is as certain at the ſame time, that *Roſinante*'s continency (as may be demonſtrated from the adventure of the *Yanguesian* carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cauſe whatſoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood.—And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chaſtity in the world, in behalf of which you could not ſay more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpoſe is to do exact juſtice to every creature brought upon the ſtage of this dramatic work,—I could not ſtifle this diſtinction in favour of Don *Quixote*'s horſe;——in all other points, the parſon's horſe, I ſay, was juſt ſuch another,—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as ſorry a jade, as HUMILITY herſelf could have beſtrided.

In the eſtimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parſon's power to have helped the

figure of this horſe of his,—for he was maſter of a very handſome demi-peak'd ſaddle, quilted on the ſeat with green pluſh, garniſhed with a double row of ſilver-headed ſtuds, and a noble pair of ſhining braſs ſtirrups, with a houſing altogether ſuitable, of grey ſuperfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, ſilk fringe, *poudré d'or*, —all which he had purchaſed in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand emboſſed bridle, ornamented at all points as it ſhould be.——But not caring to banter his beaſt, he had hung all theſe up behind his ſtudy door:—and, in lieu of them, had ſeriouſly befitted him with juſt ſuch a bridle and ſuch a ſaddle, as the figure and value of ſuch a ſteed might well and truly deſerve.

In the ſeveral ſallies about his pariſh, and in the neighbouring viſits to the gentry who lived around him,—you will eaſily comprehend, that the parſon, ſo appointed, would both hear and ſee enough to keep his philoſophy from ruſting. To ſpeak the truth, he never

could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.——Labour ſtood ſtill as he paſs'd——the bucket hung ſuſpended in the middle of the well,——the ſpinning-wheel forgot its round,——even chuck-farthing and ſhuffle-cap themſelves ſtood gaping till he had got out of ſight; and as his movement was not of the quickeſt, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his obſervations,—to hear the groans of the ſerious,—and the laughter of the light-hearted; — all which he bore with excellent tranquillity.—His character was, —he loved a jeſt in his heart—and as he ſaw himſelf in the true point of ridicule, he would ſay, he could not be angry with others for ſeeing him in a light, in which he ſo ſtrongly ſaw himſelf: So that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the leſs ſcruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour,—inſtead of giving the true cauſe,—he choſe rather to join in the laugh againſt himſelf; and as he never carried one ſingle

ounce of fleſh upon his own bones, being altogether as ſpare a figure as his beaſt, —he would ſometimes inſiſt upon it, that the horſe was as good as the rider deſerved; — that they were, centaur-like, —both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his ſpirits were above the temptation of falſe wit,—he would ſay, he found himſelf going off faſt in a conſumption; and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the ſight of a fat horſe, without a dejection of heart, and a ſenſible alteration in his pulſe; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himſelf in countenance, but in ſpirits.

At different times he would give fifty humorous and appoſite reaſons for riding a meek-ſpirited jade of a broken-winded horſe, preferably to one of mettle;—for on ſuch a one he could ſit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi et fugâ ſæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's-head before him;—that, in all other exercitations, he could

ſpend his time, as he rode ſlowly along,—to as much account as in his ſtudy;—that he could draw up an argument in his ſermon,—or a hole in his breeches, as ſteadily on the one as in the other;—that briſk trotting and ſlow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements.—But that upon his ſteed—he could unite and reconcile every thing,—he could compoſe his ſermon—he could compoſe his cough,——and, in caſe nature gave a call that way, he could likewiſe compoſe himſelf to ſleep.—In ſhort, the parſon upon ſuch encounters would aſſign any cauſe but the true cauſe,—and he with-held the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, becauſe he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the ſtory was as follows: In the firſt years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the ſuperb ſaddle and bridle were purchaſed by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will,—to run into the oppoſite extreme.—In the lan-

guage of the county where he dwelt, he was ſaid to have loved a good horſe, and generally had one of the beſt in the whole pariſh ſtanding in his ſtable always ready for ſaddling; and as the neareſt midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than ſeven miles, and in a vile country,—it ſo fell out that the poor gentleman was ſcarce a whole week together without ſome piteous application for his beaſt; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every caſe was more preſſing and more diſtreſsful than the laſt,—as much as he loved his beaſt, he had never a heart to refuſe him; the upſhot of which was generally this, that his horſe was either clapp'd, or ſpavin'd, or greaz'd;—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken-winded, or ſomething, in ſhort, or other had befallen him, which would let him carry no fleſh;—ſo that he had every nine or ten months a bad horſe to get rid of,—and a good horſe to purchaſe in his ſtead.

What the loſs in ſuch a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave

to a ſpecial jury of ſufferers in the ſame traffick, to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honeſt gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it neceſſary to take the thing under conſideration; and upon weighing the whole, and ſumming it up in his mind, he found it not only diſproportioned to his other expences, but withal ſo heavy an article in itſelf, as to diſable him from any other act of generoſity in his pariſh: Beſides this, he conſidered, that with half the ſum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good;—and what ſtill weighed more with him than all other conſiderations put together, was this, that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the leaſt wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his pariſh; reſerving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortleſs ſcenes he was hourly called forth to viſit, where poverty,

and ſickneſs, and affliction dwelt together.

For theſe reaſons he reſolved to diſcontinue the expence; and there appeared but two poſſible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and theſe were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his ſteed upon any application whatever,—or elſe be content to ride the laſt poor devil, ſuch as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own conſtancy in the firſt—he very chearfully betook himſelf to the ſecond; and though he could very well have explained it, as I ſaid, to his honour,—yet, for that very reaſon, he had a ſpirit above it; chooſing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a ſtory, which might ſeem a panegyrick upon himſelf.

I have the higheſt idea of the ſpiritual and refined ſentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this ſingle ſtroke in his

character, which I think comes up to any of the honeſt refinements of the peerleſs knight of *La Mancha*, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a viſit to, than the greateſt hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my ſtory: The thing I had in view was to ſhew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you muſt know, that ſo long as this explanation would have done the parſon credit, — the devil a ſoul could find it out,—I ſuppoſe his enemies would not, and that his friends could not.—— But no ſooner did he beſtir himſelf in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to ſet her up,—but the whole ſecret came out; every horſe he had loſt, and two horſes more than ever he had loſt, with all the circumſtances of their deſtruction, were known and diſtinctly remembered.—The ſtory ran like wild-fire—" The parſon " had a returning fit of pride which had " juſt ſeized him; and he was going to

"be well mounted once again in his "life; and if it was ſo, 'twas plain as "the ſun at noon-day, he would pocket "the expence of the licence, ten times "told, the very firſt year:—So that "every body was left to judge what were "his views in this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his reſt, when he ſhould have been found aſleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely eaſy upon that ſcore,—it being juſt ſo long ſince he left his pariſh,—and the whole world at the ſame time behind him,—and ſtands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cauſe to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of ſome men: Order them as they will, they paſs thro' a certain medium

which ſo twiſts and refracts them from their true directions——that, with all the titles to praiſe which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheleſs forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example,——But to know by what means this came to paſs,—and to make that knowledge of uſe to you, I inſiſt upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain ſuch a ſketch of his life and converſation, as will carry its moral along with it.—When this is done, if nothing ſtops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parſon's name, and, what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a moſt ancient account of the family, wrote upon ſtrong vellum, and now in perfect preſervation) it had been exactly ſo ſpelt for near,——I was

within an ace of ſaying nine hundred years;——but I would not ſhake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indiſputable in itſelf; —— and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with only ſaying——It had been exactly ſo ſpelt, without the leaſt variation or tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to ſay of one half of the beſt ſurnames in the kingdom; which, in a courſe of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the ſhame of the reſpective proprietors?—In honeſt truth, I think, ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other, juſt as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day ſo blend and confound us all together, that no one ſhall be able to ſtand up and ſwear, "That his own "great grandfather was the man who "did either this or that."

This evil had been ſufficiently fenced againſt by the prudent care of the *Yo-*

rick's family, and their religious preſervation of theſe records I quote, which do farther inform us, That the family was originally of *Daniſh* extraction, and had been tranſplanted into *England* as early as in the reign of *Herwendillus*, king of *Denmark*, in whoſe court, it ſeems, an anceſtor of this Mr. *Yorick*'s, and from whom he was lineally deſcended, held a conſiderable poſt to the day of his death. Of what nature this conſiderable poſt was, this record ſaith not;—it only adds, That, for near two centuries, it had been totally aboliſhed, as altogether unneceſſary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the Chriſtian world.

It has often come into my head, that this poſt could be no other than that of the king's chief Jeſter;—and that *Hamlet*'s *Yorick*, in our *Shakeſpeare*, many of whoſe plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts, was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into *Saxo-Grammaticus*'s *Daniſh* hiſtory, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have

leiſure, and can eaſily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourſelf.

I had juſt time, in my travels through *Denmark* with Mr. *Noddy*'s eldeſt ſon, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate thro' moſt parts of *Europe*, and of which original journey performed by us two, a moſt delectable narrative will be given in the progreſs of this work. I had juſt time, I ſay, and that was all, to prove the truth of an obſervation made by a long ſojourner in that country;—— namely, "That nature was neither very laviſh, "nor was ſhe very ſtingy in her gifts "of genius and capacity to its inhabi- "tants;—but, like a diſcreet parent, was "moderately kind to them all; obſerv- "ing ſuch an equal tenor in the diſtri- "bution of her favours, as to bring "them, in thoſe points, pretty near to a "level with each other; ſo that you will "meet with few inſtances in that king- "dom of refined parts; but a great deal

" of good plain houſhold underſtanding " amongſt all ranks of people, of which " every body has a ſhare;" which is, I think, very right.

With us, you ſee, the caſe is quite different: — we are all ups and downs in this matter;—you are a great genius;— or 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead;—not that there is a total want of intermediate ſteps,— no,—we are not ſo irregular as that comes to;—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree in this unſettled iſland, where nature, in her gifts and diſpoſitions of this kind, is moſt whimſical and capricious; fortune herſelf not being more ſo in the bequeſt of her goods and chattels than ſhe.

This is all that ever ſtaggered my faith in regard to *Yorick*'s extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, ſeemed not to have had one ſingle drop of *Daniſh* blood in his whole craſis; in nine hundred years, it might poſſibly

have all run out:——I will not philoſophize one moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the fact was this:—That inſtead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of ſenſe and humours, you would have looked for, in one ſo extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and ſublimated a compoſition, — as heteroclite a creature in all his declenſions;——with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindlieſt climate could have engendered and put together. With all this ſail, poor *Yorick* carried not one ounce of ballaſt; he was utterly unpractiſed in the world; and, at the age of twenty-ſix, knew juſt about as well how to ſteer his courſe in it, as a romping, unſuſpicious girl of thirteen: So that upon his firſt ſetting out, the briſk gale of his ſpirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of ſomebody's tackling; and as the grave and more ſlow-paced were oftenеſt in his way,—— you may likewiſe imagine, 'twas with ſuch he had generally the ill luck to get

the moſt entangled. For aught I know there might be ſome mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of ſuch *Fracas*:—— For, to ſpeak the truth, *Yorick* had an invincible diſlike and oppoſition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as ſuch;—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the moſt grave or ſerious of mortal men for days and weeks together;—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war againſt it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly: and then, whenever it fell in his way, however ſheltered and protected, he ſeldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would ſay, that Gravity was an errant ſcoundrel, and he would add,—of the moſt dangerous kind too,—becauſe a ſly one; and that, he verily believed, more honeſt, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and ſhop-lifting in ſeven. In the naked temper which a merry heart diſcovered, he would ſay, there was no

danger, — but to itſelf; — whereas the very eſſence of gravity was deſign, and conſequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more ſenſe and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretenſions,—it was no better, but often worſe, than what a *French* wit had long ago defined it,—*viz. A myſterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind*;—which definition of gravity, *Yorick*, with great imprudence, would ſay, deſerved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractiſed in the world, and was altogether as indiſcreet and fooliſh on every other ſubject of diſcourſe where policy is wont to impreſs reſtraint. *Yorick* had no impreſſion but one, and that was what aroſe from the nature of the deed ſpoken of; which impreſſion he would uſually tranſlate into plain *Engliſh* without any periphraſis,—and too oft without much diſtinction of either perſon, time, or place;—ſo that when mention was made of a pitiful or

an ungenerous proceeding,——he never gave himſelf a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece,——what his ſtation,——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,—without more ado,—The man was a dirty fellow,—and ſo on.—And as his comments had uſually the ill fate to be terminated either in a *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with ſome drollery or humour of expreſſion, it gave wings to *Yorick*'s indiſcretion. In a word, tho' he never ſought, yet, at the ſame time, as he ſeldom ſhunned occaſions of ſaying what came uppermoſt, and without much ceremony;——he had but too many temptations in life, of ſcattering his wit and his humour,—his gibes and his jeſts about him.——They were not loſt for want of gathering.

What were the conſequences, and what was *Yorick*'s cataſtrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE *Mortgager* and *Mortgagée* differ the one from the other, not more in length of purſe, than the *Jeſter* and *Jeſtée* do, in that of memory. But in this the compariſon between them runs, as the ſcholiaſts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than ſome of the beſt of *Homer*'s can pretend to; — namely, That the one raiſes a ſum, and the other a laugh at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Intereſt, however, ſtill runs on in both caſes; — the periodical or accidental payments of it, juſt ſerving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in ſome evil hour,— pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the ſpot, together with full intereſt to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature,

I need not ſay more to ſatisfy him, that my Hero could not go on at this rate without ſome ſlight experience of theſe incidental mementos. To ſpeak the truth, he had wantonly involved himſelf in a multitude of ſmall book-debts of this ſtamp, which, notwithſtanding *Eugenius*'s frequent advice, he too much diſregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted thro' any malignancy; — but, on the contrary, from an honeſty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be croſs'd out in courſe.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of ſorrowful apprehenſion,—to the uttermoſt mite. To which *Yorick*, with his uſual careleſſneſs of heart, would as often anſwer with a pſhaw! — and if the ſubject was ſtarted in the fields,— with a hop, ſkip, and a jump at the end of it; but if cloſe pent up in the ſocial chimney-corner, where the culprit was

barricado'd in, with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not ſo readily fly off in a tangent, — *Eugenius* would then go on with his lecture upon diſcretion in words to this purpoſe, though ſomewhat better put together.

Truſt me, dear *Yorick*, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.——In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee, it happens, that a perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweſt him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, —— and muſters up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him from a ſenſe of common danger; —— 'tis no extravagant arithmetick to ſay, that for every ten jokes, —thou haſt got an hundred enemies; and till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears, and

art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I cannot ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of intent in theſe ſallies——I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive:—But conſider, my dear lad, that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this, — and that knaves will not; and thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:——whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from ſome baneful corner ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct ſhall ſet right.——The fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter, — thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it, — thy faith queſtioned, — thy works belied,—

thy wit forgotten,—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by MALICE in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes:——The beſt of us, my dear lad, lie open there,——and truſt me,——truſt me, *Yorick, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, 'tis an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enough from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.*

Yorick ſcarce ever heard this ſad vaticination of his deſtiny read over to him, but with a tear ſtealing from his eye, and a promiſſory look attending it, that he was reſolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more ſobriety.—But, alas, too late! — a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the firſt prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, juſt as *Eugenius* had foreboded, was put in execution all at once, — with ſo little

mercy on the ſide of the allies, — and ſo little ſuſpicion in *Yorick*, of what was carrying on againſt him,—that when he thought, good eaſy man! full ſurely preferment was o' ripening,—they had ſmote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for ſome time; till, overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war, —but more ſo, by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on, — he threw down the ſword; and though he kept up his ſpirits in appearance to the laſt, he died, nevertheleſs, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined *Eugenius* to the ſame opinion, was as follows:

A few hours before *Yorick* breathed his laſt, *Eugenius* ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewell of him. Upon his drawing *Yorick*'s curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, *Yorick* looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the

many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, — he would thank him again and again, — he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered *Eugenius*, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke.—I hope not, *Yorick*, ſaid he.——*Yorick* replied, with a look up, and a gentle ſqueeze of *Eugenius*'s hand, and that was all,—but it cut *Eugenius* to his heart.—Come, — come, *Yorick*, quoth *Eugenius*, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, —my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wants them; ——who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?——*Yorick* laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head;—For my part, continued *Eugenius*, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, —I declare I know not, *Yorick*, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter

my hopes, added *Eugenius*, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop, and that I may live to ſee it.——I beſeech thee, *Eugenius*, quoth *Yorick*, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—— his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of *Eugenius*,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee nothing that ails it, replied *Eugenius*. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid *Yorick*, let me tell you, that 'tis ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which ***** and *****, and ſome others have ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with *Sancho Pança*, that ſhould I recover, and "Mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain down from heaven as thick "as hail, not one of them would fit it." ——*Yorick*'s laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;——yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a *Cervantick* tone;——and as he ſpoke it, *Eugenius* could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;

faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke: he ſqueezed his hand, —— and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. *Yorick* followed *Eugenius* with his eyes to the door, — he then cloſed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the pariſh of ———, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend *Eugenius*, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph and elegy.

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has *Yorick*'s ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety

of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;——a ſtone-way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by the ſide of his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP. XIII.

IT is ſo long ſince the reader of this rhapſodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is ſuch a body ſtill in the world, and whom, upon the beſt judgment I can form upon my own plan at preſent,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: But as freſh matter may be ſtarted, and much unexpected buſineſs fall out betwixt the reader and myſelf, which may require immediate diſpatch; ——'twas right to take care that the poor woman ſhould not be loſt in the mean time;—becauſe when ſhe is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a perſon of no ſmall note and conſequence throughout our whole village and townſhip;—that her fame had ſpread itſelf to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every ſoul living, whether

he has a ſhirt to his back or no,——has one ſurrounding him;—which ſaid circle, by the way, whenever 'tis ſaid that ſuch a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*,——I deſire may be enlarged or contracted in your worſhip's fancy, in a compound ratio of the ſtation, profeſſion, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (meaſuring both ways) of the perſonage brought before you.

In the preſent caſe, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole pariſh, but extended itſelf to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the ſkirts of the next pariſh; which made a conſiderable thing of it. I muſt add, That ſhe was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-houſe, and ſome other odd houſes and farms within two or three miles, as I ſaid, from the ſmoke of her own chimney: —— But I muſt here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explain'd in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and deve-

lopements to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume,—not to ſwell the work,—I deteſt the thought of ſuch a thing;—but by way of commentary, ſcholium, illuſtration, and key to ſuch paſſages, incidents, or innuendos as ſhall be thought to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my life and my opinions ſhall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*;——which, betwixt you and me, and in ſpite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in *Great Britain*, and of all that their worſhips ſhall undertake to write or ſay to the contrary,—I am determined ſhall be the caſe.—I need not tell your worſhip, that all this is ſpoke in confidence.

CHAP. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage-ſettlement, in order to ſatisfy myſelf and reader in a point neceſſary to be cleared up, before we could

proceed any farther in this hiſtory;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half ſtraight forwards, — it might have taken me up a month;—which ſhews plainly, that when a man ſits down to write a hiſtory,—tho' it be but the hiſtory of *Jack Hickathrift* or *Tom Thumb*, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way, — or what a dance he may be led, byone excurſion or another, before all is over. Could a hiſtoriographer drive on his hiſtory, as a muleteer drives on his mule,—ſtraight forward;——for inſtance, from *Rome* all the way to *Loretto*, without ever once turning his head aſide either to the right hand or to the left,——he might venture to foretell you to an hour when he ſhould get to his journey's end;——but the thing is, morally ſpeaking, impoſſible: For, if he is a man of the leaſt ſpirit, he will have fifty deviations from a ſtraight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He

will have views and proſpects to himſelf perpetually ſoliciting his eye, which he can no more help ſtanding ſtill to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile:
Anecdotes to pick up:
Inſcriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in:
Traditions to ſift:
Perſonages to call upon:
Panegyricks to paſte up at this door;

Paſquinades at that:——All which both the man and his mule are quite exempt from. To ſum up all; there are archives at every ſtage to be look'd into, and rolls, records, documents, and endleſs genealogies, which juſtice ever and anon calls him back to ſtay the reading of:—— In ſhort, there is no end of it;——for my own part, I declare I have been at it theſe ſix weeks, making all the ſpeed I poſſibly could,—and am not yet born: —I have juſt been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happen'd, but not

how;—ſo that you ſee the thing is yet far from being accompliſhed.

Theſe unforeſeen ſtoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I firſt ſet out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increaſe than diminiſh as I advance,—have ſtruck out a hint which I am reſolved to follow;——and that is,—not to be in a hurry;—but to go on leiſurely, writing and publiſhing two volumes of my life every year;——which, if I am ſuffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookſeller, I ſhall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article in my mother's marriage-ſettlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to ſearch for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him,—is ſo much more fully expreſs'd in the deed itſelf, than ever I can pretend to do it,

that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows.

"And this Indenture further witneſſeth, That the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, "merchant, in conſideration of the ſaid "intended marriage to be had, and, by "God's bleſſing, to be well and truly "ſolemnized and conſummated between "the ſaid *Walter Shandy* and *Elizabeth* "*Mollineux* aforeſaid, and divers other "good and valuable cauſes and conſide-"rations him thereunto ſpecially mov-"ing,—doth grant, covenant, conde-"ſcend, conſent, conclude, bargain, and "fully agree to and with *John Dixon*, "and *James Turner*, Eſqrs. the above-"named Truſtees, *&c. &c.*—to wit,— "That in caſe it ſhould hereafter ſo fall "out, chance, happen, or otherwiſe come "to paſs,—That the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, "merchant, ſhall have left off buſineſs "before the time or times, that the ſaid "*Elizabeth Mollineux* ſhall, according to "the courſe of nature, or otherwiſe, have "left off bearing and bringing forth

" children;—and that, in conſequence of " the ſaid *Walter Shandy* having ſo left " off buſineſs, he ſhall in deſpight, and " againſt the free-will, conſent, and " good-liking of the ſaid *Elizabeth Mol-* " *lineux*,—make a departure from the ci- " ty of *London*, in order to retire to, and " dwell upon, his eſtate at *Shandy Hall*, in " the county of ——, or at any other " country-ſeat, caſtle, hall, manſion- " houſe, meſſuage or grainge-houſe, now " purchaſed, or hereafter to be purchaſed, " or upon any part or parcel thereof:— " That then, and as often as the ſaid *Eli-* " *zabeth Mollineux* ſhall happen to be en- " ceint with child or children ſeverally " and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, " upon the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth* " *Mollineux*, during her ſaid coverture,— " he the ſaid *Walter Shandy* ſhall, at his " own proper coſt and charges, and out " of his own proper monies, upon good " and reaſonable notice, which is hereby " agreed to be within ſix weeks of her the " ſaid *Elizabeth Mollineux*'s full reckon- " ing, or time of ſuppoſed and computed

" delivery,—pay, or cauſe to be paid, the
" ſum of one hundred and twenty pounds
" of good and lawful money, to *John*
" *Dixon*, and *James Turner*, Eſqrs. or aſ-
" ſigns,— upon TRUST and confidence,
" and for and unto the uſe and uſes, intent,
" end, and purpoſe following:—**That is**
" **to ſay**, — That the ſaid ſum of one
" hundred and twenty pounds ſhall be
" paid into the hands of the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux*, or to be otherwiſe applied
" by them the ſaid Truſtees, for the well
" and truly hiring of one coach, with
" able and ſufficient horſes, to carry and
" convey the body of the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux*, and the child or children
" which ſhe ſhall be then and there en-
" ceint and pregnant with,—unto the
" city of *London*; and for the further
" paying and defraying of all other in-
" cidental coſts, charges, and expences
" whatſoever,—in and about, and for,
" and relating to, her ſaid intended de-
" livery and lying-in, in the ſaid city or
" ſuburbs thereof. And that the ſaid
" *Elizabeth Mollineux* ſhall and may, from

" time to time, and at all ſuch time and
" times as are here covenanted and agreed
" upon,—peaceably and quietly hire the
" ſaid coach and horſes, and have free
" ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs throughout
" her journey, in and from the ſaid
" coach, according to the tenor, true
" intent, and meaning of theſe preſents,
" without any let, ſuit, trouble, diſturb-
" ance, moleſtation, diſcharge, hinder-
" ance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, in-
" terruption, or incumbrance whatſoe-
" ver.—And that it ſhall moreover be
" lawful to and for the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Mollineux*, from time to time, and as
" oft or often as ſhe ſhall well and truly
" be advanced in her ſaid pregnancy, to
" the time heretofore ſtipulated and a-
" greed upon,—to live and reſide in
" ſuch place or places, and in ſuch fa-
" mily or families, and with ſuch rela-
" tions, friends, and other perſons with-
" in the ſaid city of *London*, as ſhe at her
" own will and pleaſure, notwithſtand-
" ing her preſent coverture, and as if ſhe
" was a *femme ſole* and unmarried,—ſhall

" think fit.—**And this Indenture fur-**
" **ther witneſſeth**, That for the more ef-
" fectually carrying of the ſaid covenant
" into execution, the ſaid *Walter Shandy*,
" merchant, doth hereby grant, bargain,
" ſell, releaſe, and confirm unto the ſaid
" *John Dixon*, and *James Turner*, Eſqrs.
" their heirs, executors, and aſſigns, in
" their actual poſſeſſion now being, by
" virtue of an indenture of bargain and
" ſale for a year to them the ſaid *John*
" *Dixon*, and *James Turner*, Eſqrs. by
" him the ſaid *Walter Shandy*, merchant,
" thereof made; which ſaid bargain and
" ſale for a year, bears date the day next
" before the date of theſe preſents, and
" by force and virtue of the ſtatute for
" transferring of uſes into poſſeſſion,——
" **All** that the manor and lordſhip of
" *Shandy*, in the county of——, with all
" the rights, members, and appurtenan-
" ces thereof; and all and every the
" meſſuages, houſes, buildings, barns,
" ſtables, orchards, gardens, backſides,
" tofts, croſts, garths, cottages, lands,
" meadows, feedings, paſtures, marſhes,

" commons, woods, underwoods, drains,
" fiſheries, waters, and water-courſes;—
" together with all rents, reverſions,
" ſervices, annuities, fee-farms, knights
" fees, views of frankpledge, eſcheats,
" reliefs, mines, quarries, goods and
" chattels of felons and fugitives, fe-
" lons of themſelves, and put in exigent,
" deodands, free warrens, and all other
" royalties and ſeigniories, rights and
" juriſdictions, privileges and heredita-
" ments whatſoever. —— And alſo the
" advowſon, donation, preſentation, and
" free diſpoſition of the rectory or par-
" ſonage of *Shandy* aforeſaid, and all and
" every the tenths, tythes, glebe-lands."
——In three words,——" My mother
" was to lay in, (if ſhe choſe it) in *Lon-*
" *don.*"

But in order to put a ſtop to the practice of any unfair play on the part of my mother, which a marriage-article of this nature too manifeſtly opened a door to, and which indeed had never been thought of at all, but for my uncle *Toby Shandy*; —a clauſe was added in ſecurity of my

father, which was this:—"That in caſe "my mother hereafter ſhould, at any "time, put my father to the trouble and "expence of a *London* journey, upon "falſe cries and tokens;——that for "every ſuch inſtance, ſhe ſhould forfeit "all the right and title which the cove-"nant gave her to the next turn;—— "but to no more,—and ſo on, *toties quo-"ties*, in as effectual a manner, as if "ſuch a covenant betwixt them had not "been made."—This, by the way, was no more than what was reaſonable;—and yet, as reaſonable as it was, I have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the article ſhould have fallen entirely, as it did, upon myſelf.

But I was begot and born to miſfortunes:—for my poor mother, whether it was wind or water—or a compound of both,—or neither;—or whether it was ſimply the mere ſwell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a ſtrong wiſh and deſire to have it ſo, might miſlead her judgment;—in ſhort, whether ſhe was deceived or deceiving

in this matter, it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, That in the latter end of *September* 1717, which was the year before I was born, my mother having carried my father up to town much againſt the grain,—he peremptorily inſiſted upon the clauſe;—ſo that I was doom'd, by marriage-articles, to have my noſe ſqueez'd as flat to my face, as if the deſtinies had actually ſpun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of vexatious diſappointments, in one ſtage or other of my life, have purſued me from the mere loſs, or rather compreſſion, of this one ſingle member,—ſhall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country, in but a pettiſh kind of a humour. The firſt twenty or five-and-twenty miles he did

nothing in the world but fret and teaze himſelf, and indeed my mother too, about the curſed expence, which he ſaid might every ſhilling of it have been ſaved; — then what vexed him more than every thing elſe was, the provoking time of the year,——which, as I told you, was towards the end of *September*, when his wall-fruit, and green gages eſpecially, in which he was very curious, were juſt ready for pulling:——" Had he been whiſtled up " to *London*, upon a *Tom Fool*'s errand, " in any other month of the whole year, " he ſhould not have ſaid three words " about it."

For the next two whole ſtages, no ſubject would go down, but the heavy blow he had ſuſtain'd from the loſs of a ſon, whom it ſeems he had fully reckon'd upon in his mind, and regiſter'd down in his pocket-book, as a ſecond ſtaff for his old age, in caſe *Bobby* ſhould fail him. " The diſappointment of this, he ſaid, " was ten times more to a wiſe man, than " all the money which the journey, *&c.* " had coſt him, put together,—rot the

" hundred and twenty pounds, —— he " did not mind it a ruſh."

From *Stilton*, all the way to *Grantham*, nothing in the whole affair provoked him ſo much as the condolences of his friends, and the fooliſh figure they ſhould both make at church, the firſt *Sunday*;——of which, in the ſatirical vehemence of his wit, now ſharpen'd a little by vexation, he would give ſo many humorous and provoking deſcriptions, — and place his rib and ſelf in ſo many tormenting lights and attitudes in the face of the whole congregation;—that my mother declared, theſe two ſtages were ſo truly tragi-comical, that ſhe did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From *Grantham*, till they had croſs'd the *Trent*, my father was out of all kind of patience at the vile trick and impoſition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—" Certainly," he would ſay to himſelf, over and over again, " the woman could not be de- " ceived herſelf;——if ſhe could,——

what weakneſs!"—tormenting word!—which led his imagination a thorny dance, and, before all was over, play'd the duce and all with him;——for ſure as ever the word *weakneſs* was uttered, and ſtruck full upon his brain,—ſo ſure it ſet him upon running diviſions upon how many kinds of weakneſſes there were;——that there was ſuch a thing as weakneſs of the body,——as well as weakneſs of the mind,—and then he would do nothing but ſyllogize within himſelf for a ſtage or two together, How far the cauſe of all theſe vexations might, or might not, have ariſen out of himſelf.

In ſhort, he had ſo many little ſubjects of diſquietude ſpringing out of this one affair, all fretting ſucceſſively in his mind as they roſe up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneaſy journey of it down.——In a word, as ſhe complained to my uncle *Toby*, he would have tired out the patience of any fleſh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THough my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the beſt of moods,—pſhawing and piſhing all the way down,—yet he had the complaiſance to keep the worſt part of the ſtory ſtill to himſelf; — which was the reſolution he had taken of doing himſelf the juſtice, which my uncle *Toby*'s clauſe in the marriage-ſettlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that ſhe had the leaſt intimation of his deſign:—when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrin'd and out of temper, ——took occaſion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,——to let her know that ſhe muſt accommodate herſelf as well as ſhe could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance the laſt year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a ſtrong ſpice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of perſeverance in a good cauſe, —and of obſtinacy in a bad one: Of this my mother had ſo much knowledge, that ſhe knew 'twas to no purpoſe to make any remonſtrance, — ſo ſhe e'en reſolved to ſit down quietly, and make the moſt of it.

CHAP. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother ſhould lye-in of me in the country, ſhe took her meaſures accordingly; for which purpoſe, when ſhe was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, ſhe began to caſt her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have ſo often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. *Manningham* was not to be had, ſhe had come to a final determination in her mind,——not-

withſtanding there was a ſcientifick operator within ſo near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expreſsly wrote a five ſhillings book upon the ſubject of midwifery, in which he had expoſed, not only the blunders of the ſiſterhood itſelf,——but had likewiſe ſuperadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the fœtus in croſs births, and ſome other caſes of danger, which belay us in getting into the world; notwithſtanding all this, my mother, I ſay, was abſolutely determined to truſt her life, and mine with it, into no ſoul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wiſh——never to take up with the next beſt in degree to it:—no; that's pitiful beyond deſcription;—it is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world;—which is *March* 9, 1759,——that my dear, dear *Jenny*, obſerving I looked a little grave, as ſhe ſtood cheapening a ſilk of five-and-twenty ſhillings a yard,—

told the mercer, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had given him ſo much trouble;—and immediately went and bought herſelf a yard-wide ſtuff of ten-pence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the ſame greatneſs of ſoul; only what leſſened the honour of it ſomewhat, in my mother's caſe, was, that ſhe could not heroine it into ſo violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her ſituation might have wiſhed, becauſe the old midwife had really ſome little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at leaſt, as ſucceſs could give her; having, in the courſe of her practice of near twenty years in the pariſh, brought every mother's ſon of them into the world without any one ſlip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

Theſe facts, tho' they had their weight, yet did not altogether ſatisfy ſome few ſcruples and uneaſineſſes which hung upon my father's ſpirits in relation to this choice.—To ſay nothing of the natural workings of humanity and juſtice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave

as little to hazard as poſſible in a caſe of this kind;——he felt himſelf concerned in a particular manner, that all ſhould go right in the preſent caſe;—from the accumulated ſorrow he lay open to, ſhould any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at *Shandy-Hall*.——He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in ſuch a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.—— "Alas o'day;—had Mrs. *Shandy*, poor "gentlewoman! had but her wiſh in "going up to town juſt to lye-in and "come down again;—which, they ſay, "ſhe begged and prayed for upon her "bare knees,——and which, in my opi- "nion, conſidering the fortune which "Mr. *Shandy* got with her,—was no ſuch "mighty matter to have complied with, "the lady and her babe might both of "them have been alive at this hour."

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanſwerable;—and yet, it was not merely to ſhelter himſelf,—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he ſeemed ſo extremely anxious

about this point;—my father had extenſive views of things,——and ſtood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uſes an ill-fated inſtance might be put to.

He was very ſenſible that all political writers upon the ſubject had unanimouſly agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon one frivolous errand or another,—ſet in ſo ſtrong,—as to become dangerous to our civil rights;—though, by the bye, ——a *current* was not the image he took moſt delight in,—a *diſtemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the ſame in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and ſpirits were driven up into the head faſter than they could find their ways down;——a ſtoppage of circulation muſt enſue, which was death in both caſes.

There was little danger, he would ſay, of loſing our liberties by *French* politicks or *French* invaſions;——nor was he ſo much in pain of a conſumption from the maſs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our conſtitution,—which he hoped was not ſo bad as it was imagined; —but he verily feared, that in ſome violent puſh, we ſhould go off, all at once, in a ſtate-apoplexy;—and then he would ſay, *The Lord have mercy upon us all.*

My father was never able to give the hiſtory of this diſtemper,—without the remedy along with it.

"Was I an abſolute prince," he would ſay, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he roſe from his arm-chair, "I "would appoint able judges, at every "avenue of my metropolis, who ſhould "take cognizance of every fool's buſi- "neſs who came there;—and if, upon a "fair and candid hearing, it appeared "not of weight ſufficient to leave his "own home, and come up, bag and bag- "gage, with his wife and children, far- "mers' ſons, *&c. &c.* at his backſide,

" they ſhould be all ſent back, from con-
" ſtable to conſtable, like vagrants as
" they were, to the place of their legal
" ſettlements. By this means I ſhall
" take care, that my metropolis totter'd
" not thro' its own weight;—that the
" head be no longer too big for the bo-
" dy;—that the extremes, now waſted
" and pinn'd in, be reſtored to their due
" ſhare of nouriſhment, and regain with
" it their natural ſtrength and beauty:
" —I would effectually provide, That
" the meadows and corn-fields of my
" dominions, ſhould laugh and ſing;—
" that good chear and hoſpitality flouriſh
" once more;—and that ſuch weight
" and influence be put thereby into the
" hands of the Squirality of my kingdom,
" as ſhould counterpoiſe what I perceive
" my Nobility are now taking from
" them."

" Why are there ſo few palaces and
" gentlemens' ſeats," he would aſk, with ſome emotion, as he walked acroſs the room, " throughout ſo many delicious

" provinces in *France?* Whence is it that " the few remaining *Chateaus* amongſt " them are ſo diſmantled,—ſo unfur- " niſhed, and in ſo ruinous and deſolate " a condition?—Becauſe, Sir," (he would ſay) " in that kingdom no man has any " country-intereſt to ſupport;—the lit- " tle intereſt of any kind which any man " has any where in it, is concentrated in " the court, and the looks of the Grand " Monarch: by the ſun-ſhine of whoſe " countenance, or the clouds which paſs " acroſs it, every *French* man lives or " dies."

Another political reaſon which prompted my father ſo ſtrongly to guard againſt the leaſt evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,——was, That any ſuch inſtance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker veſſels of the gentry, in his own, or higher ſtations;——which, with the many other uſurped rights which that part of the conſtitution was hourly eſtabliſhing,—would, in the end, prove

fatal to the monarchical ſyſtem of domeſtick government eſtabliſhed in the firſt creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir *Robert Filmer*'s opinion, That the plans and inſtitutions of the greateſt monarchies in the eaſtern parts of the world, were, originally, all ſtolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this houſhold and paternal power;—which, for a century, he ſaid, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mix'd government; —— the form of which, however deſirable in great combinations of the ſpecies, —— was very troubleſome in ſmall ones,—and ſeldom produced any thing, that he ſaw, but ſorrow and confuſion.

For all theſe reaſons, private and publick, put together,—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means, —my mother by no means. My father begg'd and intreated, ſhe would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and ſuffer him to chooſe for her;—my mother, on the contrary, inſiſted up-

on her privilege in this matter, to chooſe for herſelf,—and have no mortal's help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almoſt at his wit's end;—— talked it over with her in all moods;—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a chriſtian,—like a heathen,—like a huſband,—like a father,—like a patriot,—like a man:—My mother anſwered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her;—for as ſhe could not aſſume and fight it out behind ſuch a variety of characters,—'twas no fair match:—'twas ſeven to one.—What could my mother do?——She had the advantage (otherwiſe ſhe had been certainly overpowered) of a ſmall reinforcement of chagrine perſonal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to diſpute the affair with my father with ſo equal an advantage,——that both ſides ſung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my

uncle *Toby Shandy* in the back parlour, —for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I muſt beg leave, before I finiſh this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breaſt of my fair reader;—and it is this,——Not to take it abſolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropp'd in it,——" That I am a married man."—I own, the tender appellation of my dear, dear *Jenny*,—with ſome other ſtrokes of conjugal knowledge, interſperſed here and there, might, naturally enough, have miſled the moſt candid judge in the world into ſuch a determination againſt me.—All I plead for, in this caſe, Madam, is ſtrict juſtice, and that you do ſo much of it, to me as well as to yourſelf, — as not to prejudge, or receive ſuch an impreſſion of me, till you have better evidence, than, I am poſitive, at preſent can be produced againſt me.—Not that I can be ſo vain or unreaſonable, Madam, as to deſire you ſhould therefore think, that my dear, dear *Jenny* is my kept miſtreſs;—no,—that would

be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impoſſibility, for ſome volumes, that you, or the moſt penetrating ſpirit upon earth, ſhould know how this matter really ſtands.—It is not impoſſible, but that my dear, dear *Jenny!* tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Conſider,—I was born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the ſuppoſition, that my dear *Jenny* may be my friend.——Friend!—My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendſhip between the two ſexes may ſubſiſt, and be ſupported without ——— Fy! Mr. *Shandy*:—Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious ſentiment, which ever mixes in friendſhip, where there is a difference of ſex. Let me intreat you to ſtudy the pure and ſentimental parts of the beſt *French* Romances;——it will really, Madam, aſtoniſh you to ſee with what a variety of chaſte expreſſions this delicious ſentiment, which I

have the honour to ſpeak of, is dreſs'd out.

CHAP. XIX.

I Would ſooner undertake to explain the hardeſt problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good ſenſe,——knowing, as the reader muſt have obſerved him, and curious too in philoſophy,—wiſe alſo in political reaſoning,—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, ſo out of the common track,—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the leaſt of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by; if mercurial, he will laugh moſt heartily at it;—and if he is of a grave and ſaturnine caſt, he will, at firſt ſight, abſolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in reſpect to the choice and impoſition of chriſtian names, on which he thought a great deal more

depended than what ſuperficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was, That there was a ſtrange kind of magick bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irreſiſtibly impreſſed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of *Cervantes* argued not the point with more ſerioufneſs,——nor had he more faith,——or more to ſay on the powers of necromancy in diſhonouring his deeds,—or on DULCINEA's name, in ſhedding luſtre upon them, than my father had on thoſe of TRISMEGISTUS or ARCHIMEDES, on the one hand—or of NYKY and SIMKIN on the other. How many CÆSARS and POMPEYS, he would ſay, by mere inſpiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and ſpirits been totally depreſſed and NICODEMUS'D into nothing?

I ſee plainly, Sir, by your looks, (or as the caſe happened) my father would

ſay,—that you do not heartily ſubſcribe to this opinion of mine, — which, to thoſe, he would add, who have not carefully ſifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of ſolid reaſoning in it;——and yet, my dear Sir, if I may preſume to know your character, I am morally aſſured, I ſhould hazard little in ſtating a caſe to you,—not as a party in the diſpute,—but as a judge, and truſting my appeal upon it to your own good ſenſe and candid diſquiſition in this matter;——you are a perſon free from as many narrow prejudices of education as moſt men;—and, if I may preſume to penetrate farther into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely becauſe it wants friends. Your ſon,—your dear ſon,—from whoſe ſweet and open temper you have ſo much to expect. — Your BILLY, Sir! — would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS? — Would you, my dear Sir, he would ſay, laying his hand upon your breaſt, with the genteeleſt addreſs,—and in that ſoft and irreſiſtible *piano* of voice,

which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* abſolutely requires, — Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had propoſed the name for your child, and offered you his purſe along with it, would you have conſented to ſuch a deſecration of him?——O my God! he would ſay, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir,—you are incapable of it;——you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatneſs of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you ſhew me in the whole tranſaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more ſo, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypotheſis, namely, That was your ſon called JUDAS,—the ſordid and treacherous idea, ſo inſeparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his ſhadow, and, in the end, made a miſer and a raſcal of him, in ſpite, Sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to anſwer this argument.——But, indeed, to ſpeak of my father as he was;—he was certainly irreſiſtible; both in his orations and diſputations;—he was born an orator;—Θεοδίδακτος.—Perſuaſion hung upon his lips, and the elements of Logick and Rhetorick were ſo blended up in him,—and, withal, he had ſo ſhrewd a gueſs at the weakneſſes and paſſions of his reſpondent,——that NATURE might have ſtood up and ſaid,—" This man " is eloquent."—In ſhort, whether he was on the weak or the ſtrong ſide of the queſtion, 'twas hazardous in either caſe to attack him. — And yet, 'tis ſtrange, he had never read *Cicero* nor *Quintilian de Oratore*, nor *Iſocrates*, nor *Ariſtotle*, nor *Longinus* amongſt the antients;——nor *Voſſius*, nor *Skioppius*, nor *Ramus*, nor *Farnaby* amongſt the moderns;—and what is more aſtoniſhing, he had never in his whole life the leaſt light or ſpark of ſubtilty ſtruck into his mind, by one ſingle lecture upon *Crackenthorp* or *Burgerſdicius*, or any *Dutch* lo-

gician or commentator;—he knew not ſo much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* conſiſted; ſo that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at *Jeſus College* in ****,—it was a matter of juſt wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned ſociety,—that a man who knew not ſo much as the names of his tools, ſhould be able to work after that faſhion with them.

To work with them in the beſt manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon;—— for he had a thouſand little ſceptical notions of the comick kind to defend—— moſt of which notions, I verily believe, at firſt entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *vive la Bagatelle*; and as ſuch he would make merry with them for half an hour or ſo, and having ſharpened his wit upon them, diſmiſs them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypotheſis or conjecture upon the pro-

greſs and eſtabliſhment of my father's many odd opinions,—but as a warning to the learned reader againſt the indiſcreet reception of ſuch gueſts, who, after a free and undiſturbed entrance, for ſome years, into our brains,—at length claim a kind of ſettlement there,——working ſometimes like yeaſt;—but more generally after the manner of the gentle paſſion, beginning in jeſt,—but ending in downright earneſt.

Whether this was the caſe of the ſingularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit;—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be abſolutely right;——the reader, as he comes at them, ſhall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of chriſtian names, however it gained footing, he was ſerious;—he was all uniformity; — he was ſyſtematical, and, like all ſyſtematick reaſoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twiſt and torture every thing in nature, to ſupport his hypotheſis. In a word, I

repeat it over again;—he was ſerious;—and, in conſequence of it, he would loſe all kind of patience whenever he ſaw people, eſpecially of condition, who ſhould have known better,——as careleſs and as indifferent about the name they impoſed upon their child, — or more ſo, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would ſay, look'd ill;—and had, moreover, this particular aggravation in it, *viz.* That when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciouſly given, 'twas not like the caſe of a man's character, which, when wrong'd, might hereafter be cleared;——and, poſſibly, ſome time or other, if not in the man's life, at leaſt after his death,—be, ſomehow or other, ſet to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would ſay, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:——He knew as well as you, that the legiſlature aſſumed a power over ſurnames;—but for very ſtrong reaſons, which he could give, it had never

yet adventured, he would ſay, to go a ſtep farther.

It was obſervable, that tho' my father, in conſequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the ſtrongeſt likings and diſlikings towards certain names;—that there were ſtill numbers of names which hung ſo equally in the balance before him, that they were abſolutely indifferent to him: *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom* were of this claſs: Theſe my father called neutral names;—affirming of them, without a ſatire, That there had been as many knaves and fools, at leaſt, as wiſe and good men, ſince the world began, who had indifferently borne them;—ſo that, like equal forces acting againſt each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually deſtroyed each other's effects; for which reaſon, he would often declare, He would not give a cherry-ſtone to chooſe amongſt them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of theſe neutral kinds of chriſtian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happen'd to be at *Ep-*

ſom, when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worſe. *Andrew* was ſomething like a negative quantity in Algebra with him;—'twas worſe, he ſaid, than nothing.—*William* ſtood pretty high:——*Numps* again was low with him:—and *Nick*, he ſaid, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the univerſe, he had the moſt unconquerable averſion for TRISTRAM;—he had the loweſt and moſt contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world,—thinking it could poſſibly produce nothing in *rerum naturâ*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: So that in the midſt of a diſpute on the ſubject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved,——he would ſometimes break off in a ſudden and ſpirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raiſed a third, and ſometimes a full fifth above the key of the diſcourſe,—— and demand it categorically of his antagoniſt, Whether he would take upon him to ſay, he had ever remembered,—— whether he had ever read,—or even

whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Triſtram*, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No—, he would ſay,—TRISTRAM!—The thing is impoſſible.

What could be wanting in my father but to have wrote a book to publiſh this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the ſubtle ſpeculatiſt to ſtand ſingle in his opinions,—unleſs he gives them proper vent:—It was the identical thing which my father did:—for in the year ſixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an expreſs DISSERTATION ſimply upon the word *Triſtram*,—ſhewing the world, with great candour and modeſty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this ſtory is compared with the title-page,—Will not the gentle reader pity my father from his ſoul?—to ſee an orderly and well-diſpoſed gentleman, who tho' ſingular,—yet inoffenſive in his notions,—ſo played upon in them by croſs purpoſes;—to look down upon the

ſtage, and ſee him baffled and overthrown in all his little ſyſtems and wiſhes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out againſt him, and in ſo critical and cruel a way, as if they had purpoſedly been plann'd and pointed againſt him, merely to inſult his ſpeculations. ——In a word, to behold ſuch a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day ſuffering ſorrow;—ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!—Melancholy diſſyllable of ſound! which, to his ears, was uniſon to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven. ——By his aſhes! I ſwear it,—if ever malignant ſpirit took pleaſure, or buſied itſelf in traverſing the purpoſes of mortal man,—it muſt have been here;—and if it was not neceſſary I ſhould be born before I was chriſtened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

——How could you, Madam, be ſo inattentive in reading the laſt chapter?

I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papiſt.* —— Papiſt! You told me no ſuch thing, Sir. Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at leaſt, as words, by direct inference, could tell you ſuch a thing.—Then, Sir, I muſt have miſs'd a page.—No, Madam, — you have not miſs'd a word.——Then I was aſleep, Sir.—My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter. — That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a puniſhment for it, I do inſiſt upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is as ſoon as you get to the next full ſtop, and read the whole chapter over again. I have impoſed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonneſs nor cruelty; but from the beſt of motives; and therefore ſhall make her no apology for it when ſhe returns back: —'Tis to rebuke a vicious taſte, which has crept into thouſands beſides herſelf, —of reading ſtraight forwards, more in

queſt of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this caſt, if read over as it ſhould be, would infallibly impart with them.—— The mind ſhould be accuſtomed to make wiſe reflections, and draw curious concluſions as it goes along; the habitude of which made *Pliny* the younger affirm, "That he never read a book ſo bad, but he drew ſome profit from it." The ſtories of *Greece* and *Rome*, run over without this turn and application, — do leſs ſervice, I affirm it, than the hiſtory of *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, or of the Seven Champions of *England*, read with it.

———But here comes my fair lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I deſired you? — You have; And did you not obſerve the paſſage, upon the ſecond reading, which admits the inference?——Not a word like it! Then, Madam, be pleaſed to ponder well the laſt line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to ſay, "It was *neceſſary* I ſhould be born before I was

chriſten'd." Had my mother, Madam, been a Papiſt, that conſequence did not follow *.

It is a terrible misfortune for this ſame book of mine, but more ſo to the Republick of Letters;—ſo that my own is quite ſwallowed up in the conſideration of it,—that this ſelf-ſame vile pruriency for freſh adventures in all things, has got

* The *Romiſh* Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in caſes of danger, *before* it is born;—but upon this proviſo, That ſome part or other of the child's body be ſeen by the baptizer:——But the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, by a deliberation held amongſt them, *April* 10, 1733,—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, That though no part of the child's body ſhould appear,——that baptiſm ſhall, nevertheleſs, be adminiſtered to it by injection,—*par le moyen d'une petite canulle*,—Anglicè *a ſquirt*.——'Tis very ſtrange that St. *Thomas Aquinas*, who had ſo good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of ſchool-divinity,—ſhould, after ſo much pains beſtowed upon this,—give up the point at laſt, as a ſecond *La choſe impoſſible*,—"Infantes in maternis uteris exiſtentes (quoth St. *Thomas!*) baptizari poſſunt *nullo modo*."—O *Thomas! Thomas!*

If the reader has the curioſity to ſee the queſtion upon baptiſm *by injection*, as preſented to the Doctors of the *Sorbonne*,—with their conſultation thereupon, it is as follows.

ſo ſtrongly into our habit and humour,—and ſo wholly intent are we upon ſatiſfying the impatience of our concupiſcence that way, —that nothing but the groſs and more carnal parts of a compoſition will go down:—The ſubtle hints and ſly communications of ſcience fly off, like ſpirits upwards,——the heavy moral eſcapes downwards; and both the one and the other are as much loſt to the world, as if they were ſtill left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wiſh the male-reader has not paſs'd by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one, in which the female-reader has been detected. I wiſh it may have its effects;—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

MEMOIRE preſenté à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de SORBONNE*.

UN Chirurgien Accoucheur, repreſente à Meſſieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne, *qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une*

* Vide Deventer. Paris Edit. 4to, 1734, p. 366.

mere ne ſçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant eſt tellement renfermé dans le ſein de ſa mere, qu'il ne fait parôitre aucune partie de ſon corps, ce qui ſeroit un cas, ſuivant les Rituels, de lui conférer, du moins ſous condition, le baptême. Le Chirurgien, qui conſulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, *de pouvoir baptiſer immediatement l'enfant, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere. ——Il demand ſi ce moyen, qu'il vient de propoſer, eſt permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en ſervir dans le cas qu'il vient d'expoſer.*

REPONSE.

LE Conſeil eſtime, que la queſtion propoſée ſouffre de grandes difficultés. Les Théologiens poſent d'un coté pour principe, que le baptême, qui eſt une naiſſance ſpirituelle, ſuppoſe une premiere naiſſance ; il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jeſus Chriſt, *comme ils l'enſeignent. S.* Thomas, 3 part. quæſt. 88. artic. 11. *ſuit cette doctrine comme une verité conſtante ; l'on ne peut, dit ce S. Docteur, baptiſer les*

enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs Meres, & S. Thomas *eſt fondé ſur ce, que les enfans ne ſont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes; d'où il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour reçevoir par leur miniſtére, les ſacremens néceſſaires au ſalut:* Pueri in maternis uteris exiſtentes nondum prodierunt in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non poſſunt ſubjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum miniſterium ſacramenta recipiant ad ſalutem. *Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les théologiens ont établi ſur les mêmes matiéres, & ils deffendent tous d'une maniére uniforme, de baptiſer les enfans qui ſont renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des théologiens, & des rituels, qui ſont les régles des diocéſes, paroit former une autorité qui termine la queſtion preſente; cependant le conſeil de conſcience conſiderant d'un côté, que le raiſonnement des théologiens eſt uniquement fondé ſur une raiſon de convenance, & que la deffenſe des rituels ſuppoſe que l'on ne peut baptiſer imme-*

diatement les enfans ainſi renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, ce qui eſt contre la ſuppoſition preſente ; & d'un autre côté, conſiderant que les mêmes théologiens enſeignent, que l'on peut riſquer les ſacremens que Jeſus Chriſt *a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais néceſſaires pour ſanctifier les hommes ; & d'ailleurs eſtimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le ſein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de ſalut, parcequ'ils ſont capables de damnation ;—pour ces conſiderations, & en egard à l'expoſé, ſuivant lequel on aſſure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiſer ces enfans ainſi renfermés, ſans faire aucun tort à la mere, le Conſeil eſtime que l'on pourroit ſe ſervir du moyen propoſé, dans la confiance qu'il a, que Dieu n'a point laiſſé ces ſortes d'enfans ſans aucuns ſecours, & ſuppoſant, comme il eſt expoſé, que le moyen dont il s'agit eſt propre à leur procurer le baptême ; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autoriſant la pratique propoſée, de changer une regle univerſellement établie, le Conſeil croit que celui qui conſulte doit s'addreſſer à ſon evêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité, & du danger du moyen propoſé, &*

comme, ſous le bon plaiſir de l'evêque, le conſeil eſtime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui a le droit d'expliquer les régles de l'egliſe, & d'y déroger dans le cas, ou la loi ne ſçauroit obliger, quelque ſage & quelque utile que paroiſſe la maniére de baptiſer dont il s'agit, le conſeil ne pourroit l'approuver ſans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conſeile au moins à celui qui conſulte, de s'addreſſer à ſon evêque, & de lui faire part de la preſente déciſion, afin que, ſi le prelat entre dans les raiſons ſur leſquelles les docteurs ſouſſignés s'appuyent, il puiſſe être autoriſé dans le cas de néceſſité, ou il riſqueroit trop d'attendre que la permiſſion fût demandée & accordée d'employer le moyen qu'il propoſe ſi avantageux au ſalut de l'enfant. Au reſte, le conſeil, en eſtimant que l'on pourroit s'en ſervir, croit cependant, que ſi les enfans dont il s'agit, venoient au monde, contre l'eſperance de ceux qui ſe ſeroient ſervis du même moyen, il ſeroit néceſſaire de les baptiſer ſous condition ; *& en cela le conſeil ſe conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autoriſant le baptême d'un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de ſon corps, enjoignent néantmoins, & ordon-*

nent de le baptiſer ſous condition, *s'il vient heureuſement au monde.*

Déliberé en *Sorbonne*, le 10 *Avril*, 1733.

A. Le Moyne.
L. De Romigny.
De Marcilly.

Mr. *Triſtram Shandy*'s compliments to Meſſrs. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*; hopes they all reſted well the night after ſo tireſome a conſultation. —He begs to know, whether after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of conſummation, the baptizing all the Homunculi at once, ſlapdaſh, by *injection*, would not be a ſhorter and ſafer cut ſtill; on condition, as above, That if the Homunculi do well, and come ſafe into the world after this, that each and every of them ſhall be baptized again *(ſous condition.)* —— And provided, in the ſecond place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. *Shandy* apprehends it

may, *par le moyen d'une* petite canulle, and *ſans faire aucun tort au pere.*

CHAP. XXI.

——I wonder what's all that noiſe, and running backwards and forwards for, above ſtairs, quoth my father, addreſſing himſelf, after an hour and a half's ſilence, to my uncle *Toby*, —— who, you muſt know, was ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the fire, ſmoking his ſocial pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black pluſh-breeches which he had got on:—What can they be doing, brother? quoth my father,—we can ſcarce hear ourſelves talk.

I think, replied my uncle *Toby*, taking his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of his left thumb, as he began his ſentence, —— I think, ſays he: ——But to enter rightly into my uncle *Toby*'s ſentiments upon this matter, you muſt be made to enter firſt a little into his character, the out-lines of which I

ſhall juſt give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

—Pray what was that man's name,—for I write in ſuch a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,——who firſt made the obſervation, "That there was great inconſtancy in our air and climate?" Whoever he was, 'twas a juſt and good obſervation in him.—But the corollary drawn from it, namely, "That it is this which has furniſhed us with ſuch a variety of odd and whimſical characters;"—that was not his;—it was found out by another man, at leaſt a century and a half after him:—Then again,—that this copious ſtore-houſe of original materials, is the true and natural cauſe that our Comedies are ſo much better than thoſe of *France*, or any others that either have, or can be wrote upon the Continent:——that diſcovery was not fully made till about the middle of King *William*'s reign,—when the great *Dryden*, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I miſtake not)

moſt fortunately hit upon it. Indeed toward the latter end of queen *Anne*, the great *Addiſon* began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators;—but the diſcovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and laſtly, that this ſtrange irregularity in our climate, producing ſo ſtrange an irregularity in our characters, ——doth thereby, in ſome ſort, make us amends, by giving us ſomewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not ſuffer us to go out of doors,—that obſervation is my own; — and was ſtruck out by me this very rainy day, *March* 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and aſſociates in this great harveſt of our learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by ſlow ſteps of caſual increaſe, that our knowledge phyſical, metaphyſical, phyſiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical,

and obſtetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (moſt of 'em ending as theſe do, in *ical)* have for theſe two laſt centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἀκμὴ of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of theſe laſt ſeven years, we cannot poſſibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatſoever; — the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;—and that in time, *As war begets poverty; poverty peace,* —— muſt, in courſe, put an end to all kind of knowledge,—and then —— we ſhall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we ſtarted.

———Happy! thrice happy times! I only wiſh that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little alter'd, —— or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for ſome twenty or five-and-twenty years

longer, when a man in the literary world might have ſtood ſome chance.———

But I forget my uncle *Toby*, whom all this while we have left knocking the aſhes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular ſpecies, which does honour to our atmoſphere; and I ſhould have made no ſcruple of ranking him amongſt one of the firſt-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many ſtrong lines in it of a family-likeneſs, which ſhewed that he derived the ſingularity of his temper more from blood, than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: And I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, tho' I believe he had his reaſons for it, upon his obſerving ſome tokens of eccentricity, in my courſe, when I was a boy,—ſhould never once endeavour to account for them in this way; for all the SHANDY FAMILY were of an original character throughout: ——I mean the males,—the females had no character at all,—except, indeed, my great aunt DINAH, who, about ſixty years

ago; was married and got with child by the coachman, for which my father, according to his hypotheſis of chriſtian names, would often ſay, She might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will ſeem very ſtrange, —— and I would as ſoon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my intereſt to do, as ſet him upon gueſſing how it could come to paſs, that an event of this kind, ſo many years after it had happened, ſhould be reſerved for the interruption of the peace and unity, which otherwiſe ſo cordially ſubſiſted, between my father and my uncle *Toby*. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune ſhould have ſpent and waſted itſelf in the family at firſt,—as is generally the caſe. —But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Poſſibly at the very time this happened, it might have ſomething elſe to afflict it; and as afflictions are ſent down for our good, and that as this had never done the SHANDY FAMILY any good at all, it might lie waiting till apt

times and circumſtances ſhould give it an opportunity to diſcharge its office. ——Obſerve, I determine nothing upon this.——My way is ever to point out to the curious, different tracts of inveſtigation, to come at the firſt ſprings of the events I tell;—not with a pedantic *Feſcue*, —or in the deciſive manner of *Tacitus*, who outwits himſelf and his reader;—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the aſſiſtance merely of the inquiſitive;—to them I write,——and by them I ſhall be read,——if any ſuch reading as this could be ſuppoſed to hold out ſo long,—to the very end of the world.

Why this cauſe of ſorrow, therefore, was thus reſerved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itſelf ſo as to become the cauſe of diſſatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactneſs, and is as follows:

My uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues

which uſually conſtitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude,——poſſeſſed one in a very eminent degree, which is ſeldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a moſt extreme and unparallel'd modeſty of nature;——though I correct the word nature, for this reaſon, that I may not prejudge a point which muſt ſhortly come to a hearing, and that is, Whether this modeſty of his was natural or acquir'd.——Whichever way my uncle *Toby* came by it, 'twas nevertheleſs modeſty in the trueſt ſenſe of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was ſo unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things;——and this kind of modeſty ſo poſſeſſed him, and it aroſe to ſuch a height in him, as almoſt to equal, if ſuch a thing could be, even the modeſty of a woman: That female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanlineſs of mind and fancy, in your ſex, which makes you ſo much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my uncle *Toby* had contracted all this from

this very ſource;—that he had ſpent a great part of his time in converſe with your ſex; and that from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which ſuch fair examples render irreſiſtible,—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wiſh I could ſay ſo,—for unleſs it was with his ſiſter-in-law, my father's wife and my mother——my uncle *Toby* ſcarce exchanged three words with the ſex in as many years;——no, he got it, Madam, by a blow.——A blow!—Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a ſtone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the ſiege of *Namur*, which ſtruck full upon my uncle *Toby*'s groin.—Which way could that effect it? The ſtory of that, Madam, is long and intereſting;—but it would be running my hiſtory all upon heaps to give it you here.——'Tis for an epiſode hereafter; and every circumſtance relating to it, in its proper place, ſhall be faithfully laid before you:—'Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light

into this matter, or ſay more than what I have ſaid already,——That my uncle *Toby* was a gentleman of unparallel'd modeſty, which happening to be ſomewhat ſubtilized and rarified by the conſtant heat of a little family pride,——they both ſo wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my aunt DINAH touch'd upon, but with the greateſt emotion.——The leaſt hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face;—but when my father enlarged upon the ſtory in mixed companies, which the illuſtration of his hypotheſis frequently obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one of the faireſt branches of the family, would ſet my uncle *Toby*'s honour and modeſty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aſide, in the greateſt concern imaginable, to expoſtulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the ſtory reſt.

My father, I believe, had the trueſt love and tenderneſs for my uncle *Toby*, that ever one brother bore towards ano-

ther, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reaſon could have deſir'd of another, to have made my uncle *Toby*'s heart eaſy in this, or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

——My father, as I told you, was a philoſopher in grain,—ſpeculative,—ſyſtematical;—and my aunt *Dinah*'s affair was a matter of as much conſequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to *Copernicus*:—The backſlidings of *Venus* in her orbit fortified the *Copernican* ſyſtem, called ſo after his name; and the backſlidings of my aunt *Dinah* in her orbit, did the ſame ſervice in eſtabliſhing my father's ſyſtem, which, I truſt, will for ever hereafter be called the *Shandean Syſtem*, after his.

In any other family diſhonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a ſenſe of ſhame as any man whatever;——and neither he, nor, I dare ſay, *Copernicus*, would have divulged the affair in either caſe, or have taken the leaſt notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they

owed, as they thought, to truth.—*Amicus Plato*, my father would ſay, conſtruing the words to my uncle *Toby*, as he went along, *Amicus Plato*; that is, DINAH was my aunt; —*ſed magis amica veritas*—— but TRUTH is my ſiſter.

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the ſource of many a fraternal ſquabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family diſgrace recorded, —— and the other would ſcarce ever let a day paſs to an end without ſome hint at it.

For God's ſake, my uncle *Toby* would cry,——and for my ſake, and for all our ſakes, my dear brother *Shandy*,—do let this ſtory of our aunt's and her aſhes ſleep in peace;——how can you,——how can you have ſo little feeling and compaſſion for the character of our family?—— What is the character of a family to an hypotheſis? my father would reply.—— Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?——The life of a family! —my uncle *Toby* would ſay, throwing himſelf back in his arm chair, and lift-

ing up his hands, his eyes, and one leg. ——Yes, the life,——my father would ſay, maintaining his point. How many thouſands of 'em are there every year that come caſt away, (in all civilized countries at leaſt)——and conſidered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypotheſis. In my plain ſenſe of things, my uncle *Toby* would anſwer,——every ſuch inſtance is downright MURDER, let who will commit it.——There lies your miſtake, my father would reply;——for, in *Foro Scientiæ* there is no ſuch thing as MURDER, —— 'tis only DEATH, brother.

My uncle *Toby* would never offer to anſwer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whiſtling half a dozen bars of *Lillebullero*.——You muſt know it was the uſual channel thro' which his paſſions got vent, when any thing ſhocked or ſurprized him;——but eſpecially when any thing, which he deem'd very abſurd, was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them,

that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular ſpecies of argument,—I here take the liberty to do it myſelf, for two reaſons. Firſt, That, in order to prevent all confuſion in diſputes, it may ſtand as much diſtinguiſhed for ever, from every other ſpecies of argument———as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam, ex Abſurdo, ex Fortiori,* or any other argument whatſoever;——And, ſecondly, That it may be ſaid by my children's children, when my head is laid to reſt,——that their learn'd grandfather's head had been buſied to as much purpoſe once, as other people's;—That he had invented a name,—and generouſly thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica,* for one of the moſt unanſwerable arguments in the whole ſcience. And, if the end of diſputation is more to ſilence than convince,—they may add, if they pleaſe, to one of the beſt arguments too.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, ſtrictly order and command, That it be known and diſtinguiſhed by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fiſtulatorium,* and no

other;—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the ſame chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*, which is never uſed but by the woman againſt the man;—and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrarywiſe, is made uſe of by the man only againſt the woman;—As theſe two are enough in conſcience for one lecture;—— and, moreover, as the one is the beſt anſwer to the other,—let them likewiſe be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themſelves.

CHAP. XXII.

THE learned Biſhop *Hall*, I mean the famous Dr. *Joſeph Hall*, who was Biſhop of *Exeter* in King *James* the Firſt's reign, tells us in one of his *Decads*, at the end of his divine art of meditation, imprinted at *London*, in the year 1610, by *John Beal*, dwelling in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, " That it is an abominable thing for a

man to commend himſelf;" —— and I really think it is ſo.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a maſterly kind of a faſhion, which thing is not likely to be found out;—I think it is full as abominable, that a man ſhould loſe the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is preciſely my ſituation.

For in this long digreſſion which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digreſſions (one only excepted) there is a maſter-ſtroke of digreſſive ſkill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,—not for want of penetration in him,—but becauſe 'tis an excellence ſeldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digreſſion; — and it is this: That tho' my digreſſions are all fair, as you obſerve,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in *Great Britain*; yet I conſtantly take care to order affairs ſo, that my main buſineſs does not ſtand ſtill in my abſence.

I was juſt going, for example, to have given you the great out-lines of my uncle *Toby*'s moſt whimſical character;—when my aunt *Dinah* and the coachman came acroſs us, and led us a vagary ſome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary ſiſtem: Notwithſtanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my uncle *Toby*'s character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impoſſible,—but ſome familiar ſtrokes and faint deſignations of it, were here and there touch'd on, as we went along, ſo that you are much better acquainted with my uncle *Toby* now than you was before.

By this contrivance the machinery of my work is of a ſpecies by itſelf; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digreſſive, and it is progreſſive too,—and at the ſame time.

This, Sir, is a very different ſtory from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her

her progreſs in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and conſtitutes that variety and viciſſitude of ſeaſons we enjoy;—though I own it ſuggeſted the thought,—as I believe the greateſt of our boaſted improvements and diſcoveries have come from ſuch trifling hints.

Digreſſions, inconteſtably, are the ſunſhine;——they are the life, the ſoul of reading!—take them out of this book, for inſtance,—you might as well take the book along with them;—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it; reſtore them to the writer;—he ſteps forth like a bridegroom,—bids All-hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, ſo as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but alſo of the author, whoſe diſtreſs, in this matter, is truly pitiable: For, if he begins a digreſſion,—from that moment, I obſerve, his whole work ſtands ſtock ſtill;—and if he goes on with his main

work,—then there is an end of his digreſſion.

——This is vile work.—For which reaſon, from the beginning of this, you ſee, I have conſtructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with ſuch interſections, and have ſo complicated and involved the digreſſive and progreſſive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;—and, what's more, it ſhall be kept a-going theſe forty years, if it pleaſes the fountain of health to bleſs me ſo long with life and good ſpirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Have a ſtrong propenſity in me to begin this chapter very nonſenſically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I ſet off thus:

If the fixure of *Momus*'s glaſs in the human breaſt, according to the propoſed emendation of that arch-critick, had ta-

ken place,——firſt, This fooliſh conſequence would certainly have followed,—That the very wiſeſt and very graveſt of us all, in one coin or other, muſt have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, ſecondly, That had the ſaid glaſs been there ſet up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone ſoftly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and look'd in,—view'd the ſoul ſtark naked;—obſerved all her motions,—her machinations;—traced all her maggots from their firſt engendering to their crawling forth;—watched her looſe in her friſks, her gambols, her capricios; and after ſome notice of her more ſolemn deportment, conſequent upon ſuch friſks, *&c.*——then taken your pen and ink and ſet down nothing but what you had ſeen, and could have ſworn to:—But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet;—in the planet *Mercury* (belike) it may be ſo, if not better ſtill for him;——for there the intenſe

heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the ſun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron,—muſt, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cauſe) to ſuit them for the climate (which is the final cauſe;) ſo that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their ſouls, from top to bottom, may be nothing elſe, for aught the ſoundeſt philoſophy can ſhew to the contrary, but one fine tranſparent body of clear glaſs (bating the umbilical knot;) —ſo that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in paſſing through them, become ſo monſtrouſly refracted,——or return reflected from their ſurfaces in ſuch tranſverſe lines to the eye, that a man cannot be ſeen through;—his ſoul might as well, unleſs for mere ceremony, or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might, upon all other accounts, I ſay, as well play the fool out o'doors as in her own houſe.

But this, as I ſaid above, is not the caſe of the inhabitants of this earth;—

our minds ſhine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncryſtalized fleſh and blood; ſo that, if we would come to the ſpecific characters of them, we muſt go ſome other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways, which human wit has been forced to take, to do this thing with exactneſs.

Some, for inſtance, draw all their characters with wind-inſtruments.—*Virgil* takes notice of that way in the affair of *Dido* and *Æneas*;—but it is as fallacious as the breath of fame;—and, moreover, beſpeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the *Italians* pretend to a mathematical exactneſs in their deſignations of one particular ſort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-inſtrument they uſe,—which they ſay is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the inſtrument in this place;—'tis ſufficient we have it amongſt us,—but never think of making a drawing by it;—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be ſo, at leaſt, *ad populum*:—And

therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as faſt as you can, and never ſtop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations;—but this often gives a very incorrect outline,—unleſs, indeed, you take a ſketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I ſhould have no objection to this method, but that I think it muſt ſmell too ſtrong of the lamp,—and be render'd ſtill more operoſe, by forcing you to have an eye to the reſt of his *Non-naturals*.—— Why the moſt natural actions of a man's life ſhould be called his Non-naturals,—is another queſtion.

There are others, fourthly, who diſdain every one of theſe expedients;—not from any fertility of their own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices

which the Pentagraphic Brethren * of the bruſh have ſhewn in taking copies. —Theſe, you muſt know, are your great hiſtorians.

One of theſe you will ſee drawing a full-length character *againſt the light*;—that's illiberal,—diſhoneſt,—and hard upon the character of the man who ſits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *Camera*;—that is moſt unfair of all,—becauſe, *there* you are ſure to be repreſented in ſome of your moſt ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of theſe errors in giving you my uncle *Toby*'s character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;——nor ſhall my pencil be guided by any one wind-inſtrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or on the other ſide of the *Alps*;—nor will I conſider either his repletions or his diſcharges,—or touch upon his Non-naturals;—but, in a word, I will draw my uncle *Toby*'s character from his HOBBY-HORSE.

* Pentagraph, an inſtrument to copy Prints and Pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally ſure that the reader muſt be out of all patience for my uncle *Toby*'s character,——I would here previouſly have convinced him that there is no inſtrument ſo fit to draw ſuch a thing with, as that which I have pitch'd upon.

A man and his HOBBY-HORSE, tho' I cannot ſay that they act and re-act exactly after the ſame manner in which the ſoul and body do upon each other: Yet doubtleſs there is a communication between them of ſome kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is ſomething in it more of the manner of electrified bodies,—and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the HOBBY-HORSE,—by long journies and much friction, it ſo happens, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd as full of HOBBY-HORSICAL matter as it can hold;——ſo that if you are

able to give but a clear deſcription of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the HOBBY-HORSE which my uncle *Toby* always rode upon, was in my opinion an HOBBY-HORSE well worth giving a deſcription of, if it was only upon the ſcore of his great ſingularity; for you might have travelled from *York* to *Dover*,——from *Dover* to *Penzance* in *Cornwall*, and from *Penzance* to *York* back again, and not have ſeen ſuch another upon the road; or if you had ſeen ſuch a one, whatever haſte you had been in, you muſt infallibly have ſtopp'd to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gait and figure of him was ſo ſtrange, and ſo utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole ſpecies, that it was now and then made a matter of diſpute,——whether he was really a HOBBY-HORSE or no: But as the Philoſopher would uſe no other argument to the Sceptic, who diſputed with him againſt the reality of motion,

ſave that of riſing up upon his legs, and walking acroſs the room;—ſo would my uncle *Toby* uſe no other argument to prove his HOBBY-HORSE was a HOBBY-HORSE indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle *Toby* mounted him with ſo much pleaſure, and he carried my uncle *Toby* ſo well,——that he troubled his head very little with what the world either ſaid or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a deſcription of him:—But to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you firſt, how my uncle *Toby* came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wound in my uncle *Toby*'s groin, which he received at the ſiege of *Namur*, rendering him unfit for the ſervice, it was thought expedient he

ſhould return to *England*, in order, if poſſible, to be ſet to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room: and in the courſe of his cure, which was all that time in hand, ſuffer'd unſpeakable miſeries,—owing to a ſucceſſion of exfoliations from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*, —— both which bones were diſmally cruſh'd, as much by the irregularity of the ſtone, which I told you was broke off the parapet,—as by its ſize,—(tho' it was pretty large) which inclined the ſurgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my uncle *Toby*'s groin, was more owing to the gravity of the ſtone itſelf, than to the projectile force of it,—which he would often tell him was a great happineſs.

My father at that time was juſt beginning buſineſs in *London*, and had taken a houſe;—and as the trueſt friendſhip and cordiality ſubſiſted between the two brothers,—and that my father thought my

uncle *Toby* could no where be ſo well nurſed and taken care of as in his own houſe,——he aſſign'd him the very beſt apartment in it.—And what was a much more ſincere mark of his affections ſtill, he would never ſuffer a friend or an acquaintance to ſtep into the houſe on any occaſion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up ſtairs to ſee his brother *Toby*, and chat an hour by his bed-ſide.

The hiſtory of a ſoldier's wound beguiles the pain of it;—my uncle's viſitors at leaſt thought ſo, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courteſy ariſing out of that belief, they would frequently turn the diſcourſe to that ſubject,—and from that ſubject the diſcourſe would generally roll on to the ſiege itſelf.

Theſe converſations were infinitely kind; and my uncle *Toby* received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into ſome unforeſeen perplexities, which, for three months together, retard-

ed his [illegible] hit upon [illegible] self [illegible] would [illegible].

What [illegible] *Toby* were,—[illegible] guess;—if [illegible] not as a [illegible]—[illegible] even as a [illegible]—[illegible] an author; [illegible] store by [illegible] that my [illegible] to guess at any [illegible]. [illegible] I am of so [illegible] that if I thought [illegible] the least judgment or [illegible] ture to yourself, of [illegible] in the next page,—I [illegible] of my book.

CHAP. XXVI.

I Have begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle *Toby* was involved, from

the many diſcourſes and interrogations about the ſiege of *Namur*, where he received his wound.

I muſt remind the reader, in caſe he has read the hiſtory of King *William*'s wars,—but if he has not,—I then inform him, that one of the moſt memorable attacks in that ſiege, was that which was made by the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* upon the point of the advanced counterſcarp, between the gate of *St. Nicolas*, which incloſed the great ſluice or water-ſtop, where the *Engliſh* were terribly expoſed to the ſhot of the counter-guard and demi-baſtion of *St. Roch:* The iſſue of which hot diſpute, in three words, was this; That the *Dutch* lodged themſelves upon the counter-guard,—and that the *Engliſh* made themſelves maſters of the covered-way before *St. Nicolas*-gate, notwithſtanding the gallantry of the *French* officers, who expoſed themſelves upon the glacis ſword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle *Toby* was an eye-witneſs at *Namur*,——the army of the beſiegers

being cut off, by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from ſeeing much of each other's operations, —— my uncle *Toby* was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, aroſe out of the almoſt inſurmountable difficulties he found in telling his ſtory intelligibly, and giving ſuch clear ideas of the differences and diſtinctions between the ſcarp and counterſcarp, — the glacis and covered-way, — the half-moon and ravelin, — as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themſelves are too apt to confound theſe terms; ſo that you will the leſs wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in oppoſition to many miſconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft-times puzzle his viſitors, and ſometimes himſelf too.

To ſpeak the truth, unleſs the company my father led up ſtairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle *Toby* was in one of his explanatory moods, 'twas

a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the diſcourſe free from obſcurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle *Toby*, was this,—that in the attack of the counterſcarp, before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, extending itſelf from the bank of the *Maes*, quite up to the great water-ſtop, —the ground was cut and croſs cut with ſuch a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and ſluices, on all ſides, — and he would get ſo ſadly bewildered, and ſet faſt amongſt them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to ſave his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

Theſe perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle *Toby Shandy* more perturbations than you would imagine: and as my father's kindneſs to him was continually dragging up freſh friends and freſh enquirers, —— he had but a very uneaſy taſk of it.

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great

command of himſelf;—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as moſt men;—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered-way without falling down the counterſcarp, nor croſs the dyke without danger of ſlipping into the ditch, but that he muſt have fretted and fumed inwardly:—He did ſo;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may ſeem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read *Hippocrates*, yet, whoever has read *Hippocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has conſidered well the effects which the paſſions and affections of the mind have upon the digeſtion—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may eaſily conceive what ſharp paroxyſms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* muſt have undergone upon that ſcore only.

—My uncle *Toby* could not philoſophize upon it;—'twas enough he felt it was ſo,—and having ſuſtained the pain and ſorrows of it for three months toge-

ther, he was reſolved ſome way or other to extricate himſelf.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguiſh and nature of the wound upon his groin ſuffering him to lie in no other poſition, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchaſe ſuch a thing, and have it paſted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of *Namur*, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him eaſe.—I take notice of his deſire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reaſon,—becauſe my uncle *Toby*'s wound was got in one of the traverſes, about thirty toiſes from the returning angle of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demi-baſtion of *St. Roch*:—— ſo that he was pretty confident he could ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding on when the ſtone ſtruck him.

All this ſucceeded to his wiſhes, and not only freed him from a world of ſad explanations, but, in the end, it proved

the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

CHAP. XXVII.

THERE is nothing ſo fooliſh, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things ſo badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taſte run it down: Nor is there any thing ſo likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offenſive, of beſtowing your attention upon the reſt of your gueſts in ſo particular a way, as if there was no ſuch thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

——I guard againſt both; for, in the firſt place, I have left half a dozen places purpoſely open for them;—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiſs your hands, I proteſt no company could give me half the pleaſure,—by my ſoul I am glad to ſee you ——I beg only you will make no

ſtrangers of yourſelves, but ſit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I ſaid I had left ſix places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaiſance ſo far, as to have left a ſeventh open for them,—and in this very ſpot I ſtand on; but being told by a Critick, (tho' not by occupation, — but by nature) that I had acquitted myſelf well enough, I ſhall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I ſhall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

———How, in the name of wonder! could your uncle *Toby*, who, it ſeems, was a military man, and whom you have repreſented as no fool,——be at the ſame time ſuch a confuſed, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I ſcorn it.—'Tis language unurbane, —and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and ſatisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the firſt cauſes of human ignorance and confuſion. It is moreover the reply valiant

—and therefore I reject it: for tho' it might have ſuited my uncle *Toby*'s character as a ſoldier excellently well,—and had he not accuſtomed himſelf, in ſuch attacks, to whiſtle the *Lillabullero*, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very anſwer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You ſee as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;—that even my ſimilies, my alluſions, my illuſtrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I muſt ſuſtain my character properly, and contraſt it properly too,—elſe what would become of me? Why, Sir, I ſhould be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place againſt a critick,—I ſhould have made an opening for a couple.

——Therefore I anſwer thus:

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read ſuch a book as *Locke*'s Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding? —— Don't anſwer me raſhly,—becauſe many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and

many have read it who underſtand it not:—If either of theſe is your caſe, as I write to inſtruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a hiſtory.—A hiſtory! of who? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourſelf——It is a hiſtory-book, Sir, (which may poſſibly recommend it to the world) of what paſſes in a man's own mind; and if you will ſay ſo much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphyſick circle.

But this by the way.

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cauſe of obſcurity and confuſion, in the mind of a man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the firſt place. Secondly, ſlight and tranſient impreſſions made by the objects, when the ſaid organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a ſieve, not able to retain what it has received. — Call down *Dolly* your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not

this matter ſo plain that *Dolly* herſelf ſhould underſtand it as well as *Malbranch.* ——When *Dolly* has indited her epiſtle to *Robin*, and has thruſt her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right ſide;—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be ſo aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which *Dolly*'s hand is in ſearch of.—Your organs are not ſo dull that I ſhould inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red ſeal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if *Dolly* fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the uſual impulſe which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If *Dolly*'s wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too ſoft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impreſſion, how hard ſoever *Dolly* thruſts againſt it; and laſt of all, ſuppoſing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careleſs haſte, as her

Miſtreſs rings the bell;——in any one of theſe three caſes the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a braſs-jack.

Now you muſt underſtand that not one of theſe was the true cauſe of the confuſion in my uncle *Toby*'s diſcourſe; and it is for that very reaſon I enlarge upon them ſo long, after the manner of great phyſiologiſts,—to ſhew the world, what it did *not* ariſe from.

What it did ariſe from, I have hinted above, and a fertile ſource of obſcurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unſteady uſes of words, which have perplexed the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings.

It is ten to one (at *Arthur*'s) whether you have ever read the literary hiſtories of paſt ages;—if you have,—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachies, have they occaſioned and perpetuated with ſo much gall and ink-ſhed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critick! when thou haſt weigh-

ed all this, and conſider'd within thyſelf how much of thy own knowledge, diſcourſe, and converſation has been peſtered and diſordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only:—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about οὐσία and ὑπόςασις; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about ſpirit;—about eſſences, and about quinteſſences;——about ſubſtances, and about ſpace.——What confuſion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a ſenſe! when thou conſidereſt this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle *Toby*'s perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his ſcarp and his counterſcarp;—his glacis and his covered-way;—his ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by ideas,—by Heaven; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAP. XXVIII.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* got his map of *Namur* to his mind, he began immediately to apply himſelf, and

with the utmoſt diligence, to the ſtudy of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the paſſions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the niceſt care to make himſelf ſo far maſter of his ſubject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's cloſe and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle *Toby*'s wound, upon his groin, no good,—he was enabled, by the help of ſome marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with *Gobeſius*'s military architecture and pyroballogy, tranſlated from the *Flemiſh*, to form his diſcourſe with paſſable perſpicuity; and before he was two full months gone,—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterſcarp with great order;—— but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art, than what his firſt motive made neceſſary, my uncle *Toby* was able to croſs the *Maes* and *Sambre*;

make diverſions as far as *Vauban*'s line, the abbey of *Salſines*, &c. and give his viſitors as diſtinct a hiſtory of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of *St. Nicolas*, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But deſire of knowledge, like the thirſt of riches, increaſes ever with the acquiſition of it. The more my uncle *Toby* pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it! — by the ſame proceſs and electrical aſſimilation, as I told you, through which I ween the ſouls of connoiſſeurs themſelves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happineſs, at length, to get all be-virtu'd,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle *Toby* drank of this ſweet fountain of ſcience, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirſt, ſo that before the firſt year of his confinement had well gone round, there was ſcarce a fortified town in *Italy* or *Flanders*, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully

collating therewith the hiſtories of their ſieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that intenſe application and delight, that he would forget himſelf, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the ſecond year my uncle *Toby* purchaſed *Ramelli* and *Cataneo*, tranſlated from the *Italian*; — likewiſe *Stevinus*, *Moralis*, the Chevalier *de Ville*, *Lorini*, *Cochorn*, *Sheeter*, the Count *de Pagan*, the Marſhal *Vauban*, Monſ. *Blondel*, with almoſt as many more books of military architecture, as Don *Quixote* was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in *Auguſt*, ninety-nine, my uncle *Toby* found it neceſſary to underſtand a little of projectiles: — and having judged it beſt to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he began with *N. Tartaglia*, who it ſeems was the firſt man who detected the impoſition of a cannon ball's doing all that

miſchief under the notion of a right line —This *N. Tartaglia* proved to my uncle *Toby* to be an impoſſible thing.

——Endleſs is the ſearch of Truth.

No ſooner was my uncle *Toby* ſatisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was inſenſibly led on, and reſolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpoſe he was obliged to ſet off afreſh with old *Maltus*, and ſtudied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to *Galileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain Geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the preciſe path to be a PARABOLA —or elſe an HYPERBOLA,—and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic ſection of the ſaid path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct *ratio*, as the whole line to the ſine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and that the ſemiparameter,——ſtop! my dear uncle *Toby*——ſtop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track,—intricate are the ſteps! intricate are the

mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the purſuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE will bring upon thee.—O my uncle;—fly—fly, fly from it as from a ſerpent.——Is it fit——good-natured man! thou ſhould'ſt ſit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectick watchings? ——Alas! 'twill exaſperate thy ſymptoms,—check thy perſpirations—evaporate thy ſpirits—waſte thy animal ſtrength,—dry up thy radical moiſture—bring thee into a coſtive habit of body, ——impair thy health,——and haſten all the infirmities of thy old age.——O my uncle! my uncle *Toby*,

CHAP. XXIX.

I Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen-craft, who does not underſtand this,——That the beſt plain narrative in the world, tacked very cloſe to the laſt ſpirited apoſtrophe to my uncle *Toby*——would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's pa-

late;—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my ſtory.

——— Writers of my ſtamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures leſs ſtriking, we chooſe the leſs evil; deeming it even more pardonable to treſpaſs againſt truth, than beauty. This is to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*; but be it as it will,—as the parallel is made more for the ſake of letting the apoſtrophe cool, than any thing elſe, —'tis not very material whether upon any other ſcore the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle *Toby* perceiving that the parameter and ſemi-parameter of the conic ſection angered his wound, he left off the ſtudy of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himſelf to the practical part of fortification only; the pleaſure of which, like a ſpring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle be-

gan to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean ſhirt,——to diſmiſs his barber unſhaven,——and to allow his ſurgeon ſcarce time ſufficient to dreſs his wound, concerning himſelf ſo little about it, as not to aſk him once in ſeven times dreſſing, how it went on: when, lo! — all of a ſudden, for the change was quick as lightning, he began to ſigh heavily for his recovery,——complained to my father, grew impatient with the ſurgeon;——and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up ſtairs, he ſhut up his books, and thruſt aſide his inſtruments, in order to expoſtulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might ſurely have been accompliſhed at leaſt by that time:—He dwelt long upon the miſeries he had undergone, and the ſorrows of his four years melancholy impriſonment;——adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal chearings of the beſt of brothers,—he had long ſince ſunk under his misfortunes.——My father was by: My uncle *Toby*'s eloquence brought tears

into his eyes;——'twas unexpected:—— My uncle *Toby*, by nature was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect:—— The ſurgeon was confounded;——not that there wanted grounds for ſuch, or greater, marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never ſeen any thing like it in my uncle *Toby*'s carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or diſcontented word;——he had been all patience,—all ſubmiſſion.

—We loſe the right of complaining ſometimes by forbearing it;—but we often treble the force:—The ſurgeon was aſtoniſhed; but much more ſo, when he heard my uncle *Toby* go on, and peremptorily inſiſt upon his healing up the wound directly,—or ſending for Monſieur *Ronjat*, the king's ſerjeant-ſurgeon, to do it for him.

The deſire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;——the love of liberty and enlargement is a ſiſter-paſſion to it: Theſe my uncle *Toby* had in common with his ſpecies;——and either of

them had been ſufficient to account for his earneſt deſire to get well and out of doors;——but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way;——and from the time and manner in which this eager deſire ſhewed itſelf in the preſent caſe, the penetrating reader will ſuſpect there was ſome other cauſe or crotchet for it in my uncle *Toby*'s head:—— There was ſo, and 'tis the ſubject of the next chapter to ſet forth what that cauſe and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-ſide, where we left my uncle *Toby* in the middle of his ſentence.

CHAP. XXX.

WHEN a man gives himſelf up to the government of a ruling paſſion,—or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows headſtrong,—— farewel cool reaſon and fair diſcretion!

My uncle *Toby*'s wound was near well, and as ſoon as the ſurgeon recovered his

ſurprize, and could get leave to ſay as much——he told him, 'twas juſt beginning to incarnate; and that if no freſh exfoliation happened, which there was no ſign of,—it would be dried up in five or ſix weeks. The ſound of as many Olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of ſhorter duration to my uncle *Toby*'s mind.—— The ſucceſſion of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his deſign in execution;—— and ſo, without conſulting farther with any ſoul living,—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one ſoul's advice,—— he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dreſſings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change.—— So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the ſurgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his inſtruments, *&c.* and by the

help of a crutch on one ſide, and *Trim* on the other,——my uncle *Toby* embarked for *Shandy-Hall*.

The reaſon, or rather the riſe of this ſudden demigration was as follows;

The table in my uncle *Toby*'s room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was ſitting with his maps, *&c.* about him—being ſomewhat of the ſmalleſt, for that infinity of great and ſmall inſtruments of knowledge which uſually lay crowded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compaſſes, and in ſtooping to take the compaſſes up, with his ſleeve he threw down his caſe of inſtruments and ſnuffers;—and as the dice took a run againſt him, in his endeavouring to catch the ſnuffers in falling,——he thruſt Monſieur *Blondel* off the table, and Count *de Pagan* o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpoſe for a man, lame as my uncle *Toby* was, to think of redreſſing theſe evils by himſelf,—he rung his bell for his man *Trim*;——*Trim*,

quoth my uncle *Toby*, prithee ſee what confuſion I have here been making—I muſt have ſome better contrivance, *Trim*. ——Can'ſt not thou take my rule, and meaſure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and beſpeak me one as big again? —— Yes an' pleaſe your Honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be ſoon well enough to get down to your country-ſeat, where, — as your Honour takes ſo much pleaſure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I muſt here inform you, that this ſervant of my uncle *Toby*'s, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company, — his real name was *James Butler*,—but having got the nick-name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle *Toby*, unleſs when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been diſabled for the ſervice, by a wound on his left knee by a muſket-bullet, at the battle of *Lan-*

den, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*;—and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his ſervant; and of an excellent uſe was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters as a valet, groom, barber, cook, ſempſter, and nurſe; and indeed, from firſt to laſt, waited upon him and ſerved him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him ſtill, was the ſimilitude of their knowledge.——For Corporal *Trim*, (for ſo, for the future, I ſhall call him) by four years occaſional attention to his Maſter's diſcourſe upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his Maſter's plans, *&c.* excluſive and beſides what he gained HOBBY-HORSICALLY, as a body-ſervant, *Non Hobby Horſical per ſe*;——had become no mean proficient in the ſcience; and was thought, by the cook and cham-

ber-maid, to know as much of the nature of ſtrong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himſelf.

I have but one more ſtroke to give to finiſh Corporal *Trim*'s character,——and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to adviſe, — or rather to hear himſelf talk; his carriage, however, was ſo perfectly reſpectful, 'twas eaſy to keep him ſilent when you had him ſo; but ſet his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him—he was voluble;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the reſpectfulneſs of Corporal *Trim*'s manner, interceding ſo ſtrong in behalf of his elocution, — that though you might have been incommoded, —— you could not well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was ſeldom either the one or the other with him, —or, at leaſt, this fault, in *Trim*, broke no ſquares with them. My uncle *Toby*, as I ſaid, loved the man;——and beſides, as he ever looked upon a faithful ſervant,—but as an humble friend,—he could not bear to ſtop his mouth.—— Such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durſt preſume, continued *Trim*, to give your Honour my advice, and ſpeak my opinion in this matter. — Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*— —ſpeak, —— ſpeak what thou thinkeſt upon the ſubject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim*, (not hanging his ears and ſcratching his head like a country-lout, but) ſtroking his hair back from his forehead, and ſtanding erect as before his diviſion,—I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards, — and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinned againſt the hangings, —— I think, quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble ſubmiſſion to your Honour's better judgment,——that theſe ravelins, baſtions, curtins, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it were we in the country by ourſelves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleaſed with; As ſummer is coming

on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might ſit out of doors, and give me the nography—(Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle,)—— of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleaſed to ſit down before,—and I will be ſhot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind——I dare ſay thou would'ſt, *Trim*, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exact lines and angles—That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the foſſé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the ſcarp,—and on that hand towards the campaign for the counter-ſcarp.—Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*;——And when I had ſloped them to your mind,——an' pleaſe your Honour, I would face the glacis, as the fineſt fortifications are done in *Flanders*,

with ſods,——and as your Honour knows they ſhould be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with ſods too.—The beſt engineers call them gazons, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. —— Whether they are gazons or ſods, is not much matter, replied *Trim*; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or ſtone. —— I know they are, *Trim*, in ſome reſpects, —— quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head; — for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbiſh down with it, which might fill the foſſé, (as was the caſe at *St. Nicolas*'s gate) and facilitate the paſſage over it.

Your Honour underſtands theſe matters, replied Corporal *Trim*, better than any officer in his Majeſty's ſervice;—— but would your Honour pleaſe to let the beſpeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your Honour's directions like a horſe, and make fortifications for you ſomething like a tanſy, with all their

batteries, ſaps, ditches, and paliſadoes, that it ſhould be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and ſee it.

My uncle *Toby* bluſhed as red as ſcarlet as *Trim* went on;—but it was not a bluſh of guilt,—of modeſty,—or of anger,—it was a bluſh of joy;—he was fired with Corporal *Trim*'s project and deſcription. —— *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, thou haſt ſaid enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued *Trim*, on the very day that his Majeſty and the Allies take the field, and demoliſh them town by town as faſt as—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, ſay no more. Your Honour, continued *Trim*, might ſit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would ——Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——Beſides, your Honour would get not only pleaſure and good-paſtime,—but good air, and good exerciſe, and good health,—and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou haſt ſaid enough, *Trim*,—quoth my uncle *Toby* (putting his hand into his breeches-

pocket)——I like thy project mightily.—And if your Honour pleaſes, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's ſpade to take down with us, and I'll beſpeak a ſhovel and a pick-axe, and a couple of ——Say no more *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture,—and thruſting a guinea into *Trim*'s hand,—*Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſay no more;—but go down, *Trim*, this moment, my lad, and bring up my ſupper this inſtant.

Trim ran down and brought up his maſter's ſupper,——to no purpoſe:—*Trim*'s plan of operation ran ſo in my uncle *Toby*'s head, he could not taſte it.—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get me to bed.—'Twas all one.—Corporal *Trim*'s deſcription had fired his imagination,—my uncle *Toby* could not ſhut his eyes.—The more he conſidered it, the more bewitching the ſcene appeared to him;—ſo that, two full hours before day-light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a little neat country-houſe of his own, in the village where my father's eſtate lay at *Shandy*, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a ſmall eſtate of about one hundred pounds a-year. Behind this houſe, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing juſt about as much ground as Corporal *Trim* wiſhed for; — ſo that as *Trim* uttered the words, "A rood and a "half of ground to do what they would "with," — this identical bowling-green inſtantly preſented itſelf, and became curiouſly painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle *Toby*'s fancy; — which was the phyſical cauſe of making him change colour, or at leaſt of heightening his bluſh, to that immoderate degree I ſpoke of.

Never did lover poſt down to a beloved miſtreſs with more heat and expectation, than my uncle *Toby* did, to enjoy this ſelf-ſame thing in private;—I ſay in pri-

vate;—for it was ſheltered from the houſe, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three ſides, from mortal ſight, by rough holly and thick-ſet flowering ſhrubs;—ſo that the idea of not being ſeen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleaſure preconceived in my uncle *Toby*'s mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about,——or private ſoever it might ſeem,—to think, dear uncle *Toby*, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,——and not have it known!

How my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* managed this matter,——with the hiſtory of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,——may make no unintereſting under-plot in the epitaſis and working-up of this drama.—At preſent the ſcene muſt drop,—and change for the parlour fire-ſide.

CHAP. XXXI.

——What can they be doing, brother? ſaid my father,—I think, replied

my uncle *Toby*, — taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and ſtriking the aſhes out of it as he began his ſentence ;——I think, replied he—it would not be amiſs, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, *Obadiah?* —— quoth my father; —— my brother and I can ſcarce hear ourſelves ſpeak.

Sir, anſwered *Obadiah*, making a bow towards his left ſhoulder,—my Miſtreſs is taken very badly. — And where's *Suſannah* running down the garden there, as if they were going to raviſh her?—— Sir, ſhe is running the ſhorteſt cut into the town, replied *Obadiah*, to fetch the old midwife.—Then ſaddle a horſe, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife, with all our ſervices, —— and let him know your miſtreſs is fallen into labour —— and that I deſire he will return with you with all ſpeed.

It is very ſtrange, ſays my father, addreſſing himſelf to my uncle *Toby*, as

Obadiah ſhut the door,——as there is ſo expert an operator as Dr. *Slop* ſo near,—that my wife ſhould perſiſt to the very laſt in this obſtinate humour of hers, in truſting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;——and not only the life of my child, brother,——but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, my ſiſter does it to ſave the expence:—A pudding's end,—replied my father,——the Doctor muſt be paid the ſame for inaction as action,——if not better,—to keep him in temper.

——Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the ſimplicity of his heart,—but Modesty.—My ſiſter, I dare ſay, added he, does not care to let a man come ſo near her ****. I will not ſay whether my uncle *Toby* had completed the ſentence or not;——'tis for his advantage to ſuppoſe he had,——as, I think, he could

have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle *Toby* had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world ſtands indebted to the ſudden ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neateſt examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians ſtile the *Apoſiopeſis*.—— Juſt Heaven! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the *Italian* artiſts;—the inſenſible MORE OR LESS, determine the preciſe line of beauty in the ſentence, as well as in the ſtatue! How do the ſlight touches of the chiſel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-ſtick, *et cætera*,—give the true ſwell, which gives the true pleaſure!—O my countrymen;—be nice;—be cautious of your languge;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what ſmall particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

——"My ſiſter, mayhap," quoth my uncle *Toby*, "does not chooſe to let a "man come ſo near her ****." Make

this daſh,—'tis an Apoſiopeſis.—Take the daſh away, and write *Backſide*,——'tis Bawdy.—Scratch Backſide out, and put *Cover'd way* in,—'tis a Metaphor;—and, I dare ſay, as fortification ran ſo much in my uncle *Toby*'s head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the ſentence,——that word was it.

But whether that was the caſe or not the caſe;—or whether the ſnapping of my father's tobacco-pipe ſo critically, happened through accident or anger, will be ſeen in due time.

CHAP. XXXII.

THO' my father was a good natural philoſopher,—yet he was ſomething of a moral philoſopher too; for which reaſon, when his tobacco-pipe ſnapp'd ſhort in the middle,—he had nothing to do, as ſuch, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.——He did no ſuch thing;——he threw them with all the violence in the world;—and,

to give the action ſtill more emphaſis,—he ſtarted upon both his legs to do it.

This looked ſomething like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle *Toby* was ſaying, proved it was ſo.

—"Not chooſe," quoth my father, (repeating my uncle *Toby*'s words) "to "let a man come ſo near her!"——By Heaven, brother *Toby!* you would try the patience of *Job*;—and I think I have the plagues of one already without it.——Why?——Where?——Wherein?——Wherefore?——Upon what account? replied my uncle *Toby*, in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment.—To think, ſaid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing ſo little about women!——I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*: And I think, continued he, that the ſhock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;—which ſhock you know I ſhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the ſex,—has given me juſt cauſe to ſay, That

I neither know nor do pretend to know, any thing about 'em or their concerns either.—Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaſt, know ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

It is ſaid in *Ariſtotle*'s *Maſter Piece*, "That when a man doth think of any "thing which is paſt,——he looketh "down upon the ground;—but that "when he thinketh of ſomething that "is to come, he looketh up towards "the heavens."

My uncle *Toby*, I ſuppoſe, thought of neither, for he look'd horizontally.—Right end, quoth my uncle *Toby*, muttering the two words low to himſelf, and fixing his two eyes inſenſibly as he muttered them, upon a ſmall crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece——Right end of a woman!——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no more which it is than the man in the moon;——and if I was to think, continued my uncle *Toby* (keeping his eye ſtill fixed upon the bad joint) this month together, I

am ſure I ſhould not be able to find it out.

Then, brother *Toby*, replied my father, I will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my father (filling a freſh pipe)—every thing in this world, my dear brother *Toby*, has two handles.——Not always, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——At leaſt, replied my father, every one has two hands, ——which comes to the ſame thing.—— Now, if a man was to ſit down cooly, and conſider within himſelf the make, the ſhape, the conſtruction, come-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which conſtitute the whole of that animal, called Woman, and compare them analogically—I never underſtood rightly the meaning of that word,—quoth my uncle *Toby*.—

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain relation and agreement, which different——Here a devil of a rap at the door ſnapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two,—and, at the ſame time, cruſhed the head of as nota-

ble and curious a diſſertation as ever was engendered in the womb of ſpeculation; —it was ſome months before my father could get an opportunity to be ſafely delivered of it:—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the ſubject of the diſſertation itſelf,—(conſidering the confuſion and diſtreſſes of our domeſtick miſadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I ſhall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. XXXIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading ſince my uncle *Toby* rung the bell, when *Obadiah* was ordered to ſaddle a horſe, and go for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife;—ſo that no one can ſay, with reaſon, that I have not allowed *Obadiah* time enough, poetically ſpeaking, and conſidering the emergency too, both to go and come;——though, morally and truly ſpeaking, the man

perhaps has ſcarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritick will go upon this; and is reſolved after all to take a pendulum, and meaſure the true diſtance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door;—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen ſeconds, and three fifths,—ſhould take upon him to inſult over me for ſuch a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time;—I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of its ſimple modes, is got merely from the train and ſucceſſion of our ideas,——and is the true ſcholaſtic pendulum,——and by which, as a ſcholar, I will be tried in this matter,—abjuring and deteſting the juriſdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore deſire him to conſider that it is but poor eight miles from *Shandy-Hall* to Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife's houſe;—and that whilſt *Obadiah* has been going thoſe ſaid miles and back, I have brought my uncle *Toby* from *Na-*

mur, quite acroſs all *Flanders*, into *England*:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have ſince travelled him and Corporal *Trim* in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into *Yorkſhire*,—— all which put together, muſt have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. *Slop* upon the ſtage,—as much, at leaſt (I hope) as a dance, a ſong, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritick is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen ſeconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen ſeconds,——when I have ſaid all I can about them; and that this plea, though it might ſave me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a profeſſed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal:——If I am thus preſſed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controverſy about it all at once,——by acquainting him, that *Obadiah* had not got above threeſcore yards from the ſtable-yard before he met with

Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourſelf;—but this had better begin a new chapter.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IMagine to yourſelf a little ſquat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a ſuſquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a ſerjeant in the horſe-guards.

Such were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, which,—if you have read *Hogath*'s analyſis of beauty, and if you have not, I wiſh you would;——you muſt know, may as certainly be caracatured, and conveyed to the mind by three ſtrokes as three hundred.

Imagine ſuch a one,——for ſuch, I ſay, were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming ſlowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the verge-

brae of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour——but of ſtrength,——alack!——ſcarce able to have made an amble of it, under ſuch a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.——They were not.——Imagine to yourſelf, *Obadiah* mounted upon a ſtrong monſter of a coach-horſe, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable ſpeed the adverſe way.

Pray, Sir, let me intereſt you a moment in this deſcription.

Had Dr. *Slop* beheld *Obadiah* a mile off, poſting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monſtrous rate,—ſplaſhing and plunging like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approached, would not ſuch a phænomenon, with ſuch a vortex of mud and water moving along with it, round its axis,—have been a ſubject of juſter apprehenſion to Dr. *Slop* in his ſituation, than the *worſt* of *Whiſton's* comets?—To ſay nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of *Obadiah* and the coach-horſe.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involv-

ed and carried, if not the doctor, at leaſt the doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then do you think muſt the terror and hydrophobia of Dr. *Slop* have been, when you read (which you are juſt going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards *Shandy Hall*, and had approached to within ſixty yards of it, and within five yards of a ſudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden wall,—and in the dirtieſt part of a dirty lane, — when *Obadiah* and his coach-horſe turned the corner, rapid, furious, — pop, — full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be ſuppoſed more terrible than ſuch a rencounter, —ſo imprompt! ſo ill prepared to ſtand the ſhock of it as Dr. *Slop* was.

What could Dr. *Slop* do?——he croſſed himſelf +—Pugh!—but the doctor, Sir, was a Papiſt. — No matter; he had better have kept hold of the pummel.—— —He had ſo;—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for in croſſing himſelf he let go his whip, ——and in attempting to ſave his whip

betwixt his knee and his ſaddle's ſkirt, as it ſlipped, he loſt his ſtirrup,——in loſing which he loſt his ſeat;——and in the multitude of all theſe loſſes (which, by the bye, ſhews what little advantage there is in croſſing) the unfortunate doctor loſt his preſence of mind. So that without waiting for *Obadiah*'s onſet, he left his pony to its deſtiny, tumbling off it diagonally, ſomething in the ſtyle and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other conſequence from the fall, ſave that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadeſt part of him ſunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to Dr. *Slop*;—once as he was falling,—and then again when he ſaw him ſeated.——Ill-timed complaiſance;—had not the fellow better have ſtopped his horſe, and got off and help'd him?—Sir, he did all that his ſituation would allow;—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horſe was ſo great, that *Obadiah* could not do it all at once; he rode in a circle three times round Dr. *Slop*, before he could fully ac-

compliſh it any how; — and at the laſt, when he did ſtop his beaſt, 'twas done with ſuch an exploſion of mud, that *Obadiah* had better have been a league off. In ſhort, never was a Dr. *Slop* ſo beluted, and ſo tranſubſtantiated, ſince that affair came into faſhion.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEN Dr. *Slop* entered the back parlour, where my father and my uncle *Toby* were diſcourſing upon the nature of women, —— it was hard to determine whether Dr. *Slop*'s figure, or Dr. *Slop*'s preſence, occaſioned more ſurprize to them; for as the accident happened ſo near the houſe, as not to make it worth while for *Obadiah* to remount him,——*Obadiah* had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unanealed*, with all his ſtains and blotches on him.—He ſtood like *Hamlet*'s ghoſt, motionleſs and ſpeechleſs, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour door (*Obadiah* ſtill holding his hand) with all the ma-

jeſty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally beſmeared, —— and in every other part of him, blotched over in ſuch a manner with *Obadiah*'s exploſion, that you would have ſworn (without mental reſervation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle *Toby* to have triumphed over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. *Slop* in that pickle, could have diſſented from ſo much, at leaſt, of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion, "That may-"hap his ſiſter might not care to let "ſuch a Dr. *Slop* come ſo near her "****." But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle *Toby* was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to uſe it. —— No; the reaſon was,—'twas not his nature to inſult.

Dr. *Slop*'s preſence at that time, was no leſs problematical than the mode of it; tho' it is certain, one moment's reflexion in my father might have ſolved it; for he had apprized Dr. *Slop* but the week

before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing ſince, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to *Shandy Hall*, as he did, merely to ſee how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the inveſtigation; running, like the hypercritick's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—meaſuring their diſtance, and keeping his mind ſo intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing elſe, — common-place infirmity of the greateſt mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonſtration, and ſo waſting all their ſtrength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, ſtruck likewiſe ſtrong upon the ſenſorium of my uncle *Toby*,— but it excited a very different train of thoughts;—the two irreconcileable pulſations inſtantly brought *Stevinus*, the

great engineer, along with them, into my uncle *Toby*'s mind. What buſineſs *Stevinus* had in this affair,—is the greateſt problem of all:——It ſhall be ſolved,—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WRiting, when properly managed, (as you may be ſure I think mine is) is but a different name for converſation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;——ſo no author, who underſtands the juſt boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would preſume to think all: The trueſt reſpect which you can pay to the reader's underſtanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him ſomething to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourſelf.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as buſy as my own.

'Tis his turn now;—I have given an

ample deſcription of Dr. *Slop*'s ſad overthrow, and of his ſad appearance in the back-parlour; — his imagination muſt now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. *Slop* has told his tale; — and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooſes; — Let him ſuppoſe, that *Obadiah* has told his tale alſo, and with ſuch rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will beſt contraſt the two figures as they ſtand by each other.—— Let him imagine, that my father has ſtepped up ſtairs to ſee my mother.— And, to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the doctor waſhed,—rubbed down, and condoled,—felicitated,—got into a pair of *Obadiah*'s pumps, ſtepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr. *Slop!*—ſtay thy obſtetrick hand;——return it ſafe into thy boſom to keep it warm;——little doſt thou know what obſtacles,——little doſt thou think what hidden cauſes

retard its operation!——Haſt thou, Dr. *Slop*,—haſt thou been intruſted with the ſecret articles of this ſolemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that at this inſtant, a daughter of *Lucina* is put obſtetrically over thy head? Alas!—'tis too true.—Beſides, great ſon of *Pilumnus!* what canſt thou do?—Thou haſt come forth unarm'd;—thou haſt left thy *tire-tête*,—thy new-invented *forceps*—thy *crotchet*,—thy *ſquirt*, and all thy inſtruments of ſalvation and deliverance, behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two piſtols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—ſend *Obadiah* back upon the coach-horſe to bring them with all ſpeed.

——Make great haſte, *Obadiah*, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and quoth my uncle *Toby*, I'll give him another.

CHAP. XXXVII.

YOUR ſudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*, (all three of them ſitting down to the fire together, as my uncle *Toby* began to ſpeak)—inſtantly brought the great *Stevinus* into my head, who, you muſt know, is a favourite author with me.—Then, added my father, making uſe of the argument *Ad Crumenam*,—I will lay twenty guineas to a ſingle crown-piece, (which will ſerve to give away to *Obadiah* when he gets back) that this ſame *Stevinus* was ſome engineer or other,—or has wrote ſomething or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the ſcience of fortification.

He has ſo,—replied my uncle *Toby*.—I knew it, ſaid my father,—though, for the ſoul of me, I cannot ſee what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. *Slop*'s ſudden coming, and a diſcourſe upon fortification;—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what we will, brother,——or

let the occaſion be never ſo foreign or unfit for the ſubject,—you are ſure to bring it in. I would not, brother *Toby*, continued my father,———I declare I would not have my head ſo full of curtins and horn-works.—That I dare ſay you would not, quoth Dr. *Slop*, interrupting him, and laughing moſt immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not deteſt and abhor a pun, or the inſinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;—he would grow teſty upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a ſerious diſcourſe, was as bad, he would ſay, as a fillip upon the noſe;——he ſaw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*,—the curtins my brother *Shandy* mentions here, have nothing to do with bedſteads;—tho', I know *Du Cange* ſays, "That bed-cur-"tains, in all probability, have taken "their name from them;"—nor have the horn-works he ſpeaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works

of cuckoldom:—But the *Curtin*, Sir, is the word we uſe in fortification, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two baſtions and joins them.—Beſiegers ſeldom offer to carry on their attacks directly againſt the curtin, for this reaſon, becauſe they are ſo well *flanked*. ('Tis the caſe of other curtains, quoth Dr. *Slop*, laughing.) However, continued my uncle *Toby*, to make them ſure, we generally chooſe to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the foſſé or ditch:——The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together,—tho' they are very different things;—not in their figure or conſtruction, for we make them exactly alike, in all points;—for they always conſiſt of two faces, making a ſalient angle, with the gorges, not ſtraight, but in form of a creſcent:——Where then lies the difference? (quoth my father, a little teſtily.)—In their ſituations, anſwered my uncle *Toby*:—For when a ravelin, brother, ſtands before

the curtin, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin ſtands before a baſtion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewiſe is a half-moon, and no more, ſo long as it ſtands before its baſtion;——but was it to change place, and get before the curtin,—'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that caſe, is not a half-moon;—'tis no more than a ravelin.——I think, quoth my father, that the noble ſcience of defence has its weak ſides——as well as others.

—As for the horn-work (high! ho! ſigh'd my father) which, continued my uncle *Toby*, my brother was ſpeaking of, they are a very conſiderable part of an outwork;——they are called by the *French* engineers, *Ouvrage à corne*, and we generally make them to cover ſuch places as we ſuſpect to be weaker than the reſt;—'tis formed by two epaulments or demi-baſtions—they are very pretty,—and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to ſhew you one well worth your trouble.

I own, continued my uncle *Toby*, when

we crown them,—they are much ſtronger, but then they are very expenſive, and take up a great deal of ground, ſo that, in my opinion, they are moſt of uſe to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwiſe the double tenaille—By the mother who bore us!——brother *Toby*, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,——you would provoke a ſaint;——here have you got us, I know not how, not only ſouſe into the middle of the old ſubject again:—But ſo full is your head of theſe confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will ſerve you but to carry off the man-midwife.——*Accoucheur*,—if you pleaſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*. ——With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wiſh the whole ſcience of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thouſands,—and it will be mine in the end.—I would not, I would not, brother *Toby*, have my brains ſo full of ſaps, mines, blinds,

gabions, palliſadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and ſuch trumpery, to be proprietor of *Namur*, and of all the towns in *Flanders* with it.

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—I have told you in a former chapter, "that he was a man of courage:"—And will add here, that where juſt occaſions preſented, or called it forth, —I know no man under whoſe arm I would have ſooner taken ſhelter;——nor did this ariſe from any inſenſibility or obtuſeneſs of his intellectual parts;—for he felt this inſult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature, —no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up ſo kindly within him; my uncle *Toby* had ſcarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go—ſays he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his noſe, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at laſt,

as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, ſays my uncle *Toby*, riſing from his chair, and going acroſs the room, with the fly in his hand,——I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, ſays he, lifting up the ſaſh, and opening his hand as he ſpoke, to let it eſcape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why ſhould I hurt thee?——— This world ſurely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened: but whether it was, that the action itſelf was more in uniſon to my nerves at that age of pity, which inſtantly ſet my whole frame into one vibration of moſt pleaſurable ſenſation;—or how far the manner and expreſſion of it might go towards it;—or in what degree, or by what ſecret magick,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a paſſage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that the leſſon of univerſal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby*, has never ſince been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate

what the ſtudy of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the univerſity, have done for me in that reſpect, or diſcredit the other helps of an expenſive education beſtowed upon me, both at home and abroad ſince;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impreſſion.

This is to ſerve for parents and governors inſtead of a whole volume upon the ſubject.

I could not give the reader this ſtroke in my uncle *Toby*'s picture, by the inſtrument with which I drew the other parts of it,—that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeneſs;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader muſt long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick ſenſibility of nature, attended with a little foreneſs of temper; tho' this never tranſported him to any thing which looked like malignancy:—yet in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to

ſhew itſelf in a drolliſh and witty kind of peeviſhneſs;——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature;—— at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this ſubacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle *Toby*, whom he truly loved:——he would feel more pain, ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt *Dinah*, or where an hypotheſis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which aroſe about *Stevinus*.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE,——that a man's HOBBY-HORSE is as tender a part as he has about him; and that theſe unprovoked ſtrokes at my uncle *Toby*'s could not be unfelt by him.——No:———as I ſaid above, my uncle *Toby* did feel them, and very ſenſibly too.

Pray, Sir, what ſaid he?—How did he behave?—O, Sir!—it was great: For

as ſoon as my father had done inſulting his HOBBY-HORSE,———he turned his head without the leaſt emotion, from Dr. *Slop*, to whom he was addreſſing his diſcourſe, and looking up into my father's face, with a countenance ſpread over with ſo much good-nature;——ſo placid;——ſo fraternal;——ſo inexpreſſibly tender towards him:—it penetrated my father to his heart: He roſe up haſtily from his chair, and ſeizing hold of both my uncle *Toby*'s hands as he ſpoke:—Brother *Toby*, ſaid he,—I beg thy pardon;——forgive, I pray thee, this raſh humour which my mother gave me.——My dear, dear brother, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, riſing up by my father's help, ſay no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;——a brother worſe;——but to hurt a brother of ſuch gentle manners,—ſo unprovoking,—and ſo unreſenting;——'tis baſe:——By Heaven, 'tis cowardly.—You are heartily welcome, brother,

quoth my uncle *Toby*,———had it been fifty times as much.——Beſides, what have I to do, my dear *Toby*, cried my father, either with your amuſements or your pleaſures, unleſs it was in my power (which it is not) to increaſe their meaſure?

——Brother *Shandy*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, looking wiſtfully in his face, ——you are much miſtaken in this point;—for you do increaſe my pleaſure very much, in begetting children for the *Shandy* family at your time of life.—But, by that, Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, Mr. *Shandy* increaſes his own.—Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, out of *principle*.——In a family way, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*. ——Pſhaw!—ſaid my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AT the end of the laſt chapter, my father and my uncle *Toby* were left both ſtanding, like *Brutus* and *Caſſius* at the cloſe of the ſcene, making up their accounts.

As my father ſpoke the three laſt words,——he ſat down;—my uncle *Toby* exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal *Trim*, who was in waiting, to ſtep home for *Stevinus*:—my uncle *Toby*'s houſe being no farther off than the oppoſite ſide of the way.

Some men would have dropped the ſubject of *Stevinus*;——but my uncle *Toby* had no reſentment in his heart, and he went on with the ſubject, to ſhew my father that he had none.

Your ſudden appearance, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my uncle, reſuming the diſcourſe, inſtantly brought *Stevinus* into my head. (My father, you may be ſure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon *Ste-*

vinus's head.)——Becauſe, continued my uncle *Toby*, the celebrated ſailing chariot, which belonged to Prince *Maurice*, and was of ſuch wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty *German* miles, in I don't know how few minutes, —— was invented by *Stevinus*, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have ſpared your ſervant the trouble, quoth Dr. *Slop* (as the fellow is lame) of going for *Stevinus*'s account of it, becauſe in my return from *Leyden* thro' the *Hague*, I walked as far as *Schevling*, which is two long miles, on purpoſe to take a view of it.

—That's nothing, replied my uncle *Toby*, to what the learned *Peireſkius* did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*, and from *Schevling* to *Paris* back again, in order to ſee it,—and nothing elſe.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool *Peireſkius*, replied Dr. *Slop*. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of *Peireſkius* at all; —— but that

Peireſkius's indefatigable labour in trudging ſo far on foot, out of love for the ſciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. *Slop*, in that affair, to nothing:—the more fool *Peireſkius*, ſaid he again.—Why ſo?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as faſt as he could for the inſult he had given him, which ſat ſtill upon my father's mind;——but partly, that my father began really to intereſt himſelf in the diſcourſe.——Why ſo?——ſaid he. Why is *Peireſkius*, or any man elſe, to be abuſed for an appetite for that, or any other morſel of ſound knowledge: For notwithſtanding I know nothing of the chariot in queſtion, continued he, the inventor of it muſt have had a very mechanical head; and tho' I cannot gueſs upon what principles of philoſophy he has atchieved it;—yet certainly his machine has been conſtructed upon ſolid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have anſwered at the rate my brother mentions.

It anſwered, replied my uncle *Toby*, as

well, if not better; for, as *Peireſkius* elegantly expreſſes it, ſpeaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*; which, unleſs I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as ſwift as the wind itſelf.*

But pray, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (tho' not without begging pardon for it, at the ſame time) upon what principles was this ſelf-ſame chariot ſet a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be ſure, replied Dr. *Slop*:—And I have often wondered, continued he, evading the queſtion, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(eſpecially they whoſe wives are not paſt child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon ſudden calls, to which the ſex is ſubject, —if the wind only ſerved,—but would be excellent good huſbandry to make uſe of the winds, which coſt nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horſes, which (the devil take 'em) both coſt and eat a great deal.

For that very reaſon, replied my father, "Becauſe they coſt nothing, and becauſe "they eat nothing,"—the ſcheme is bad;—it is the conſumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,—brings in money, and ſupports the value of our lands;—and tho', I own, if I was a Prince, I would generouſly recompenſe the ſcientifick head which brought forth ſuch contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily ſuppreſs the uſe of them.

My father here had got into his element,——and was going on as proſperouſly with his diſſertation upon trade, as my uncle *Toby* had before, upon his of fortification;—but to the loſs of much ſound knowledge, the deſtinies in the morning had decreed that no diſſertation of any kind ſhould be ſpun by my father that day,——for as he opened his mouth to begin the next ſentence,

CHAP. XL.

IN popped Corporal *Trim* with *Stevinus:* — But 'twas too late,—all the diſcourſe had been exhauſted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look firſt into it, and ſee if thou canſt ſpy aught of a ſailing chariot in it.

Corporal *Trim*, by being in the ſervice, had learned to obey, — and not to remonſtrate; — ſo taking the book to a ſide-table, and running over the leaves; An' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid *Trim*, I can ſee no ſuch thing;—however, continued the Corporal, drolling a little in his turn, I'll make ſure work of it, an' pleaſe your Honour; — ſo taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he

bent the covers back, he gave the book a good ſound ſhake.

There is ſomething falling out, however, ſaid *Trim*, an' pleaſe your Honour; —but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one: — Prithee, Corporal, ſaid my father, ſmiling, what is it then? — I think, anſwered *Trim*, ſtooping to take it up, —— 'tis more like a ſermon, —— for it begins with a text of ſcripture, and the chapter and verſe; — and then goes on, not as a chariot, but like a ſermon directly.

The company ſmiled.

I cannot conceive how it is poſſible, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for ſuch a thing as a ſermon to have got into my *Stevinus*.

I think 'tis a ſermon, replied *Trim*; — but if it pleaſe your Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page; — for *Trim*, you muſt know, loved to hear himſelf read almoſt as well as talk.

I have ever a ſtrong propenſity, ſaid my father, to look into things which croſs my way, by ſuch ſtrange fatalities as theſe; — and as we have nothing bet-

ter to do, at leaſt till *Obadiah* gets back, I ſhall be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. *Slop* has no objection to it, to order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it, —if he is as able to do it, as he ſeems willing. An' pleaſe your Honour, quoth *Trim*, I officiated two whole campaigns, in *Flanders*, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.——He can read it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, as well I can.——*Trim*, I aſſure you, was the beſt ſcholar in my company, and ſhould have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal *Trim* laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his maſter;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the ſermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,—— he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could beſt ſee, and be beſt ſeen by his audience.

CHAP. XLI.

—If you have any objection,—ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*.

Not in the leaſt, replied Dr. *Slop*;—for it does not appear on which ſide of the queſtion it is wrote;—— it may be a compoſition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—ſo that we run equal riſques.——'Tis wrote upon neither ſide, quoth *Trim*, for 'tis only upon *Conſcience*, an' pleaſe your Honours.

Trim's reaſon put his audience into good-humour, — all but Dr. *Slop*, who turning his head about towards *Trim*, looked a little angry.

Begin, *Trim*, — and read diſtinctly, quoth my father.—I will, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and beſpeaking attention with a ſlight movement of his right hand.

CHAP. XLII.

——But before the Corporal begins, I muſt firſt give you a deſcription of his attitude;——otherwiſe he will naturally ſtand repreſented, by your imagination, in an uneaſy poſture, — ſtiff,—perpendicular,—dividing the weight of his body

equally upon both legs;——his eye fixed, as if on duty;—his look determined, —clenching the ſermon in his left hand, like his firelock.——In a word, you would be apt to paint *Trim*, as if he was ſtanding in his platoon ready for action. —His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He ſtood before them with his body ſwayed, and bent forwards juſt ſo far, as to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon;—which ſound orators, to whom I addreſs this, know very well, to be the true perſuaſive angle of incidence;—in any other angle you may talk and preach;—'tis certain;—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The neceſſity of this preciſe angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactneſs,——does it not ſhew us, by the way, how the arts and ſciences mutually befriend each other?

How the duce Corporal *Trim*, who knew not ſo much as an acute angle from

an obtuſe one, came to hit it ſo exactly; ——or whether it was chance or nature, or good ſenſe or imitation, &c. ſhall be commented upon in that part of the cyclopædia of arts and ſciences, where the inſtrumental parts of the eloquence of the ſenate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-houſe, the bed-chamber, and fire-ſide, fall under conſideration.

He ſtood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body ſwayed, and ſomewhat bent forwards,—his right-leg from under him, ſuſtaining ſeven-eighths of his whole weight, ———the foot of his left leg, the defect of which was no diſadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them; —his knee bent, but that not violently, —but ſo as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of ſcience too;—for conſider, it had one eighth part of his body to bear up; —ſo that in this caſe the poſition of the leg is determined, — becauſe the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee

more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters:—need I add,—to orators!—I think not; for unleſs they practiſe it, ——— they muſt fall upon their noſes.

So much for Corporal *Trim*'s body and legs.——He held the ſermon looſely, not careleſsly, in his left hand, raiſed ſomething above his ſtomach, and detached a little from his breaſt; —— his right-arm falling negligently by his ſide, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,——but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the ſentiment in caſe it ſtood in need.

Corporal *Trim*'s eyes and the muſcles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him; — he looked frank, — unconſtrained, — ſomething aſſured,—but not bordering upon aſſurance.

Let not the critic aſk how Corporal *Trim* could come by all this. —— I've

told him it ſhould be explained;—but ſo he ſtood before my father, my uncle *Toby*, and Dr. *Slop*,—ſo ſwayed his body, ſo contraſted his limbs, and with ſuch an oratorical ſweep throughout the whole figure, —— a ſtatuary might have modelled from it; —— nay, I doubt whether the oldeſt Fellow of a College,—or the *Hebrew* Profeſſor himſelf could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows:

The SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——————*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience.*

"TRuſt!——Truſt we have a good "conſcience!"

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that ſentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your noſe, man, and read it with ſuch a ſneering tone, as if the Parſon was going to abuſe the Apoſtle.

He is, an' pleaſe your Honour, replied *Trim*. Pugh! ſaid my father, ſmiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Proteſtant) by the ſnappiſh manner in which he takes up the apoſtle, is certainly going to abuſe him;—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded ſo ſoon, Dr. *Slop*, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can ſee yet,—he may be of any church. ——Becauſe, anſwered Dr. *Slop*, if he was of ours,—he durſt no more take ſuch a licence,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, Sir, a man was to inſult an apoſtle,——a ſaint,——or even the paring of a ſaint's nail,—he would have his eyes ſcratched out.—What, by the ſaint? quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Dr. *Slop*, he would have an old houſe over his head. Pray is the Inquiſition an ancient building, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. *Slop*.—An' pleaſe your Honours,

quoth *Trim*, the Inquiſition is the vileſt ——Prithee ſpare thy deſcription, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, ſaid my father.—No matter for that, anſwered Dr. *Slop*,—it has its uſes; for tho' I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in ſuch a caſe as this, he would ſoon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquiſition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, haſtily;—How came he there, *Trim*?——O, Sir! the ſtory will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thouſand times;—but it is too long to be told now;—your Honour ſhall hear it from firſt to laſt ſome day when I am working beſide you in our fortifications;—but the ſhort of the ſtory is this;—That my brother *Tom* went over a ſervant to *Liſbon*,—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a ſmall ſhop, and ſold

ſauſages, which ſomehow or other, was the cauſe of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two ſmall children, and carried directly to the Inquiſition, where, God help him, continued *Trim*, fetching a ſigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honeſt lad lies confined at this hour; he was as honeſt a ſoul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

—The tears trickled down *Trim*'s cheeks faſter than he could well wipe them away.—A dead ſilence in the room enſued for ſome minutes.—Certain proof of pity!

Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he ſaw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy ſtory out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; but prithee begin the ſermon again;—for if the firſt ſentence in it is matter of abuſe, as thou ſayeſt, I have a great deſire to know what kind of provocation the apoſtle has given.

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and, making a bow as he did it,—he began again.]

The SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

——*For we* truſt *we have a good Conſcience,*—

"TRUST! truſt we have a good "conſcience! Surely if there is "any thing in this life which a man "may depend upon, and to the know-"ledge of which he is capable of arriv-"ing upon the moſt indiſputable evi-"dence, it muſt be this very thing,— "whether he has a good conſcience or "no."

[I am poſitive I am right, quoth Dr. *Slop.*]

"If a man thinks at all, he cannot well "be a ſtranger to the true ſtate of this "account;——he muſt be privy to his "own thoughts and deſires;—he muſt "remember his paſt purſuits, and know

" certainly the true ſprings and motives,
" which, in general, have governed the
" actions of his life."

[I defy him, without an aſſiſtant, quoth Dr. *Slop*.]

" In other matters we may be deceiv-
" ed by falſe appearances; and, as the
" wiſe man complains, *hardly do we gueſs*
" *aright at the things that are upon the*
" *earth, and with labour do we find the*
" *things that are before us.* But here the
" mind has all the evidence and facts
" within herſelf;——is conſcious of the
" web ſhe has wove;—— knows its
" texture and fineneſs, and the exact
" ſhare which every paſſion has had in
" working upon the ſeveral deſigns
" which virtue or vice has planned be-
" fore her."

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim* reads very well, quoth my father.]

" Now, — as conſcience is nothing
" elſe but the knowledge which the
" mind has within herſelf of this; and
" the judgment, either of approbation
" or cenſure, which it unavoidably makes

" upon the ſucceſſive actions of our " lives; 'tis plain you will ſay, from the " very terms of the propoſition,—when- " ever this inward teſtimony goes a- " gainſt a man, and he ſtands ſelf-ac- " cuſed,—that he muſt neceſſarily be a " guilty man.—And, on the contrary, " when the report is favourable on his " ſide, and his heart condemns him " not:—that it is not a matter of *truſt*, " as the apoſtle intimates, but a matter " of *certainty* and fact, that the con- " ſcience is good, and that the man muſt " be good alſo."

[Then the apoſtle is altogether in the wrong, I ſuppoſe, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the Proteſtant divine is in the right. Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will preſently appear that St. *Paul* and the Proteſtant divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly ſo, quoth Dr. *Slop*, as eaſt is to weſt;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, comes from the liberty of the preſs.

It is no more, at the worſt, replied my uncle *Toby*, than the liberty of the pul-

pit; for it does not appear that the ſermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

" At firſt ſight this may ſeem to be a " true ſtate of the caſe; and I make no " doubt but the knowledge of right and " wrong is ſo truly impreſſed upon the " mind of man,—that did no ſuch thing " ever happen, as that the conſcience " of a man, by long habits of ſin, might " (as the ſcripture aſſures it may) inſen- " ſibly become hard;—and, like ſome " tender parts of his body, by much " ſtreſs and continual hard uſage, loſe " by degrees that nice ſenſe and percep- " tion with which God and nature en- " dowed it:—Did this never happen; " —or was it certain that ſelf-love could " never hang the leaſt bias upon the " judgment;—or that the little intereſts " below could riſe up and perplex the " faculties of our upper regions, and " encompaſs them about with clouds " and thick darkneſs;——Could no ſuch " thing as favour and affection enter " this ſacred Court;—Did WIT diſdain

" to take a bribe in it;—or was aſhamed " to ſhew its face as an advocate for an " unwarrantable enjoyment: Or, laſtly, " were we aſſured that INTEREST ſtood " always unconcerned whilſt the cauſe " was hearing,—and that PASSION never " got into the judgment-ſeat, and pro- " nounced ſentence in the ſtead of Rea- " ſon, which is ſuppoſed always to pre- " ſide and determine upon the caſe:— " Was this truly ſo, as the objection muſt " ſuppoſe;—no doubt then the religious " and moral ſtate of a man would be " exactly what he himſelf eſteemed it; " —and the guilt or innocence of every " man's life could be known, in gene- " ral, by no better meaſure, than the " degrees of his own approbation and " cenſure.

" I own, in one caſe, whenever a " man's conſcience does accuſe him (as " it ſeldom errs on that ſide) that he is " guilty; and unleſs in melancholy and " hypocondriac caſes, we may ſafely pro- " nounce upon it, that there is always " ſufficient grounds for the accuſation.

" But the converſe of the propoſition " will not hold true; — namely, that " whenever there is guilt, the conſcience " muſt accuſe; and if it does not, that a " man is therefore innocent.——This " is not fact———So that the common " conſolation which ſome good chriſtian " or other is hourly adminiſtering to " himſelf,—that he thanks God his mind " does not miſgive him; and that, con- " ſequently, he has a good conſcience, " becauſe he hath a quiet one,— is fal- " lacious;—and as current as the infe- " rence is, and as infallible as the rule " appears at firſt ſight, yet when you " look nearer to it, and try the truth " of this rule upon plain facts,——you " ſee it liable to ſo much error from " a falſe application;——the principle " upon which it goes ſo often perverted; " ——the whole force of it loſt, and " ſometimes ſo vilely caſt away, that it " is painful to produce the common ex- " amples from human life, which con- " firm the account.

" A man ſhall be vicious and utterly

" debauched in his principles;—except-
" tionable in his conduct to the world;
" ſhall live ſhameleſs, in the open com-
" miſſion of a ſin which no reaſon or pre-
" tence can juſtify,——a ſin by which,
" contrary to all the workings of huma-
" nity, he ſhall ruin for ever the deluded
" partner of his guilt;—rob her of her
" beſt dowry; and not only cover her
" own head with diſhonour;—but in-
" volve a whole virtuous family in ſhame
" and ſorrow for her ſake. Surely, you
" will think conſcience muſt lead ſuch
" a man a troubleſome life;—he can
" have no reſt night or day from its re-
" proaches.

" Alas! CONSCIENCE had ſomething
" elſe to do all this time, than break in
" upon him; as *Elijah* reproached the
" god *Baal*,——this domeſtic god *was*
" *either talking, or purſuing, or was in a*
" *journey, or peradventure he ſlept and*
" *could not be awoke.*

" Perhaps HE was gone out in com-
" pany with HONOUR to fight a duel;
" to pay off ſome debt at play;——or

" dirty annuity, the bargain of his luſt;
" Perhaps CONSCIENCE all this time
" was engaged at home, talking aloud
" againſt petty larceny, and executing
" vengeance upon ſome ſuch puny crimes
" as his fortune and rank of life ſecured
" him againſt all temptation of com-
" mitting; ſo that he lives as merrily"
—— [If he was of our church, tho', quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]—" ſleeps
" as ſoundly in his bed;—and at laſt
" meets death as unconcernedly;—per-
" haps much more ſo, than a much bet-
" ter man."

[All this is impoſſible with us, quoth Dr. *Slop*, turning to my father,—the caſe could not happen in our church.—It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often.——I own, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (ſtruck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment) — that a man in the *Romiſh* church may live as badly;—but then he cannot eaſily die ſo.—— 'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference,—how a raſcal

dies.—I mean, anſwered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied the benefits of the laſt ſacraments.—Pray how many have you in all, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,——for I always forget?——Seven, anſwered Dr. *Slop*.——Humph!—ſaid my uncle *Toby*; tho' not accented as a note of acquieſcence,—but as an interjection of that particular ſpecies of ſurprize, when a man in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.—Humph! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, underſtood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume againſt the ſeven ſacraments.——Humph! replied Dr. *Slop*, (ſtating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him)——Why, Sir, are there not ſeven cardinal virtues?——Seven mortal ſins?——Seven golden candleſticks?——Seven heavens?—'Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*.———Are there not ſeven wonders of the world?——Seven days of the creation?——Seven planets?——Seven plagues?—That there are, quoth my

father with a moſt affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the reſt of thy characters, *Trim.*]

"Another is ſordid, unmerciful," (here *Trim* waved his right hand) "a ſtrait-"hearted, ſelfiſh wretch, incapable either "of private friendſhip or public ſpirit. "Take notice how he paſſes by the wi-"dow and orphan in their diſtreſs, and "ſees all the miſeries incident to human "life without a ſigh or a prayer." [An' pleaſe your honours, cried *Trim*, I think this a viler man than the other.]

"Shall not conſcience riſe up and "ſting him on ſuch occaſions?——No; "thank God there is no occaſion, *I pay* "*every man his own*;—*I have no fornica-*"*tion to anſwer to my conſcience*;—*no* "*faithleſs vows or promiſes to make up*;— "*I have debauched no man's wife or child*; "*thank God, I am not as other men, adul-*"*terers, unjuſt, or even as this libertine,* "*who ſtands before me.*

"A third is crafty and deſigning in "his nature. View his whole life;— "'tis nothing but a cunning contexture

" of dark arts and unequitable ſubter-
" fuges, onely to defeat the true intent
" of all laws,——plain-dealing and the
" fair enjoyment of our ſeveral proper-
" ties.——You will ſee ſuch a one work-
" ing out a frame of little deſigns upon
" the ignorance and perplexities of the
" poor and needy man;—ſhall raiſe a
" fortune upon the inexperience of a
" youth, or the unſuſpecting temper of
" his friend, who would have truſted
" him with his life.

" When old age comes on, and repen-
" tance calls him to look back upon
" this black account, and ſtate it over
" again with his conſcience — Con-
" science looks into the STATUTES at
" LARGE;—finds no expreſs law broken
" by what he has done;—perceives no
" penalty or forfeiture of goods and
" chattels incurred;—ſees no ſcourge
" waving over his head, or priſon open-
" ing his gates upon him:—What is
" there to affright his conſcience?—
" Conſcience has got ſafely entrenched
" behind the Letter of the Law; ſits

" there invulnerable, fortified with **Cases**
" and **Reports** ſo ſtrongly on all ſides;
" —that it is not preaching can diſpoſ-
" ſeſs it of its hold."

[Here Corporal *Trim* and my uncle *Toby* exchanged looks with each other.—Aye, aye, *Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby*, ſhaking his head, ——— theſe are but ſorry fortifications, *Trim*. ——— O! very poor work, anſwered *Trim*, to what your Honour and I make of it.——The character of this laſt man, ſaid Dr. *Slop*, interrupting *Trim*, is more deteſtable than all the reſt;——and ſeems to have been taken from ſome pettifogging Lawyer amongſt you: — Amongſt us, a man's conſcience could not poſſibly continue ſo long *blinded*,——three times in a year, at leaſt, he muſt go to confeſſion. Will that reſtore it to ſight? quoth my uncle *Toby*.——Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father, or *Obadiah* will have got back before thou haſt got to the end of thy ſermon.——'Tis a very ſhort one, replied *Trim*.——I wiſh it was longer, quoth my

uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely.—*Trim* went on.]

" A fourth man ſhall want even this " refuge;—ſhall break through all their " ceremony of ſlow chicane;——ſcorns " the doubtful workings of ſecret plots " and cautious trains to bring about his " purpoſe;——See the bare-faced vil- " lain, how he cheats, lies, perjures, " robs, murders!—Horrid!—But indeed " much better was not to be expected, " in the preſent caſe—the poor man " was in the dark!———his prieſt had " got the keeping of his conſcience;— " —and all he would let him know of " it, was, That he muſt believe in the " Pope;—go to Maſs;—croſs himſelf; " —tell his beads;—be a good Ca- " tholic, and that this, in all conſcience, " was enough to carry him to heaven. " What;—if he perjures!—Why;—he " had a mental reſervation in it.—But " if he is ſo wicked and abandoned a " wretch as you repreſent him;—if he " robs,—if he ſtabs, will not conſcience,

" on every ſuch act, receive a wound " itſelf?—Aye,—but the man has car- " ried it to confeſſion; —— the wound " digeſts there, and will do well enough, " and in a ſhort time be quite healed " up by abſolution. O Popery! what " haſt thou to anſwer for? —— when, " not content with the too many natu- " ral and fatal ways, thro' which the " heart of man is every day thus trea- " cherous to itſelf above all things;— " thou haſt wilfully ſet open the wide " gate of deceit before the face of this " unwary traveller, too apt, God knows, " to go aſtray of himſelf; and confidently " ſpeak peace to himſelf, when there is " no peace.

" Of this the common inſtances which " I have drawn out of life, are too noto- " rious to require much evidence. If " any man doubts the reality of them, " or thinks it impoſſible for a man to be " ſuch a bubble to himſelf,—I muſt re- " fer him a moment to his own reflec- " tions, and will then venture to truſt " my appeal with his own heart.

" Let him conſider in how different a " degree of deteſtation, numbers of wic- " ked actions ſtand *there*, tho' equally " bad and vicious in their own natures; " —he will ſoon find, that ſuch of them " as ſtrong inclination and cuſtom have " prompted him to commit, are gene- " rally dreſſed out and painted with all " the falſe beauties which a ſoft and " a flattering hand can give them;— " and that the others, to which he feels " no propenſity, appear, at once, naked " and deformed, ſurrounded with all the " true circumſtances of folly and diſ- " honour.

" When *David* ſurprized *Saul* ſleeping " in the cave, and cut off the ſkirt of " his robe — we read his heart ſmote " him for what he had done: —— But " in the matter of *Uriah*, where a faith- " ful and gallant ſervant, whom he ought " to have loved and honoured, fell to " make way for his luſt, — where con- " ſcience had ſo much greater reaſon to " take the alarm, his heart ſmote him " not. A whole year had almoſt paſſed

" from the firſt commiſſion of that crime,
" to the time *Nathan* was ſent to re-
" prove him; and we read not once of
" the leaſt ſorrow or compunction of
" heart which he teſtified, during all that
" time, for what he had done.

" Thus conſcience, this once able mo-
" nitor,——placed on high as a judge
" within us, and intended by our Maker
" as a juſt and equitable one too,—by
" an unhappy train of cauſes and impe-
" diments, takes often ſuch imperfect
" cognizance of what paſſes,——does
" its office ſo negligently,——ſometimes
" ſo corruptly,—that it is not to be
" truſted alone; and therefore we find
" there is a neceſſity, an abſolute neceſ-
" ſity, of joining another principle with
" it, to aid, if not govern, its determina-
" tions.

" So that if you would form a juſt judg-
" ment of what is of infinite importance
" to you not to be miſled in,—namely,
" in what degree of real merit you ſtand
" either as an honeſt man, an uſeful ci-
" tizen, a faithful ſubject to your king,

" or a good ſervant to your God,—— " call in religion and morality.—Look, " What is written in the law of God? " —— How readeſt thou?—Conſult " calm reaſon and the unchangeable ob- " ligations of juſtice and truth;—— " what ſay they?

" Let CONSCIENCE determine the mat- " ter upon theſe reports;——and then " if thy heart condemns thee not, which " is the caſe the apoſtle ſuppoſes,—— " the rule will be infallible;"—[Here Dr. *Slop* fell aſleep]—" *thou wilt have* " *confidence towards God*;——that is, have " juſt grounds to believe the judgment " thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the " judgment of God; and nothing elſe " but an anticipation of that righteous " ſentence which will be pronounced " upon thee hereafter by that Being, to " whom thou art finally to give an ac- " count of thy actions.

" *Bleſſed is the man*, indeed, then, as " the author of the book of *Eccleſiaſticus* " expreſſes it, *who is not pricked with the* " *multitude of his ſins: Bleſſed is the man*

" *whoſe heart hath not condemned him;*
" *whether he be rich, or whether he be poor,*
" *if he have a good heart* (a heart thus
" guided and informed) *he ſhall at all*
" *times rejoice in a chearful countenance;*
" *his mind ſhall tell him more than ſeven*
" *watch-men that ſit above upon a tower*
" *on high.*"—[A tower has no ſtrength, quoth my uncle *Toby*, unleſs 'tis flank'd.] —" in the darkeſt doubts it ſhall con-
" duct him ſafer than a thouſand caſuiſts,
" and give the ſtate he lives in, a better
" ſecurity for his behaviour than all the
" cauſes and reſtrictions put together,
" which law-makers are forced to mul-
" tiply: — *Forced*, as I ſay, as things
" ſtand; human laws not being a matter
" of original choice, but of pure neceſ-
" ſity, brought in to fence againſt the
" miſchievous effects of thoſe conſciences
" which are no law unto themſelves;
" well intending, by the many provi-
" ſions made,—that in all ſuch corrupt
" and miſguided caſes, where principles
" and the checks of conſcience will not
" make us upright, — to ſupply their

" force, and, by the terrors of gaols and " halters, oblige us to it."

[I ſee plainly, ſaid my father, that this ſermon has been compoſed to be preached at the Temple,——or at ſome Aſſize.—I like the reaſoning,—and am ſorry that Dr. *Slop* has fallen aſleep before the time of his conviction:—for it is now clear, that the Parſon, as I thought at firſt, never inſulted St. *Paul* in the leaſt;—nor has there been, brother, the leaſt difference between them.——A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby*,—the beſt friends in the world may differ ſometimes.——True,—brother *Toby*, quoth my father, ſhaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* ſhall go on.

Well,——what doſt thou think of it? ſaid my father, ſpeaking to Corporal *Trim*, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, anſwered the Corporal, that the ſeven watch-men upon the tower, who, I ſuppoſe, are all centinels there,—are more, an' pleaſe your Honour, than were neceſſary;—and, to go on at that

rate, would harraſs a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it, becauſe two centinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myſelf in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued *Trim*, riſing an inch higher in his figure, as he ſpoke,—and all the time I had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty King *William*, in relieving the moſt conſiderable poſts, I never left more than two in my life. —— Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—but you do not conſider, *Trim*, that the towers, in *Solomon*'s days, were not ſuch things as our baſtions, flanked and defended by other works; — this, *Trim*, was an invention ſince *Solomon*'s death; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtin, in his time;——or ſuch a foſſé as we make with a cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counterſcarps palliſadoed along it, to guard againſt a *Coup de main*:—So that the ſeven men upon the tower were a party, I dare ſay, from

the *Corps de Garde*, ſet there, not only to look out, but to defend it. — They could be no more, an' pleaſe your Honour, than a Corporal's Guard.—My father ſmiled inwardly,—but not outwardly;—the ſubject being rather too ſerious, conſidering what had happened, to make a jeſt of.—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had juſt lighted,—he contented himſelf with ordering *Trim* to read on. He read on as follows:]

"To have the fear of God before our "eyes, and, in our mutual dealings with "each other, to govern our actions by the "eternal meaſures of right and wrong: "—The firſt of theſe will comprehend "the duties of religion;—the ſecond, "thoſe of morality, which are ſo inſe-"parably connected together, that you "cannot divide theſe two *tables*, even in "imagination, (tho' the attempt is of-"ten made in practice) without break-"ing and mutually deſtroying them "both.

"I ſaid the attempt is often made; "and ſo it is;——there being nothing

" more common than to ſee a man who
" has no ſenſe at all of religion, and in-
" deed has ſo much honeſty as to pre-
" tend to none, who would take it as
" the bittereſt affront, ſhould you but
" hint at a ſuſpicion of his moral charac-
" ter,——or imagine he was not conſci-
" entiouſly juſt and ſcrupulous to the ut-
" termoſt mite.

" When there is ſome appearance that
" it is ſo,—tho' one is unwilling even to
" ſuſpect the appearance of ſo amiable
" a virtue as moral honeſty, yet were we
" to look into the grounds of it, in the
" preſent caſe, I am perſuaded we ſhould
" find little reaſon to envy ſuch a one
" the honour of his motive.

" Let him declaim as pompouſly as
" he chooſes upon the ſubject, it will be
" found to reſt upon no better foun-
" dation than either his intereſt, his
" pride, his eaſe, or ſome ſuch little
" and changeable paſſion as will give us
" but ſmall dependance upon his actions
" in matters of great diſtreſs.

" I will illuſtrate this by an example.

" I know the banker I deal with, or " the phyſician I uſually call in," — [There is no need, cried Dr. *Slop*, (waking) to call in any phyſician in this caſe] ——" to be neither of them men of " much religion: I hear them make a " jeſt of it every day, and treat all its " ſanctions with ſo much ſcorn, as to " put the matter paſt doubt. Well;— " notwithſtanding this, I put my fortune " into the hands of the one;—and what " is dearer ſtill to me, I truſt my life to " the honeſt ſkill of the other.

" Now let me examine what is my " reaſon for this great confidence. Why, " in the firſt place, I believe there is no " probability that either of them will " employ the power I put into their " hands to my diſadvantage;—I conſi- " der that honeſty ſerves the purpoſes of " this life:—I know their ſucceſs in the " world depends upon the fairneſs of " their characters.—In a word, I'm per- " ſuaded that they cannot hurt me with- " out hurting themſelves more.

" But put it otherwiſe, namely, that

" intereſt lay, for once, on the other
" ſide; that a caſe ſhould happen, where-
" in the one, without ſtain to his repu-
" tation, could ſecrete my fortune, and
" leave me naked in the world; — or
" that the other could ſend me out of it,
" and enjoy an eſtate by my death, with-
" out diſhonour to himſelf or his art:—
" In this caſe, what hold have I of ei-
" ther of them?—Religion, the ſtrongeſt
" of all motives, is out of the queſtion;
" —Intereſt, the next moſt powerful mo-
" tive in the world, is ſtrongly againſt
" me: ——— What have I left to caſt
" into the oppoſite ſcale to balance this
" temptation?——— Alas! I have no-
" thing,——nothing but what is light-
" er than a bubble——I muſt lye at
" the mercy of Honour, or ſome ſuch
" capricious principle — Strait ſecurity
" for two of the moſt valuable bleſſings!
" —my property and myſelf.

" As, therefore, we can have no de-
" pendence upon morality without reli-
" gion;—ſo, on the other hand, there
" is nothing better to be expected from

" religion without morality; nevertheleſs, 'tis no prodigy to ſee a man whoſe " real moral character ſtands very low, " who yet entertains the higheſt notion " of himſelf, in the light of a religious " man.

" He ſhall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable,—but even wanting in points of common honeſty; yet " inaſmuch as he talks aloud againſt the " infidelity of the age, —— is zealous " for ſome points of religion,——goes " twice a-day to church,—attends the " ſacraments,—and amuſes himſelf with " a few inſtrumental parts of religion,— " ſhall cheat his conſcience into a judgment, that, for this, he is a religious " man, and has diſcharged truly his duty to God: And you will find that " ſuch a man, through force of this deluſion, generally looks down with ſpiritual pride upon every other man " who has leſs affectation of piety, — " though, perhaps, ten times more real " honeſty than himſelf.

" *This likewiſe is a ſore evil under the*

" *fun*; and I believe, there is no one " miſtaken principle, which, for its time, " has wrought more ſerious miſchiefs. " ———For a general proof of this,— " examine the hiſtory of the *Romiſh* " church;"—[Well what can you make of that? cried Dr. *Slop*]—" ſee what " ſcenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, blood- " ſhed,"——[They may thank their own obſtinacy, cried Dr. *Slop*]——" have all " been ſanctified by a religion not ſtrictly " governed by morality.

" In how many kingdoms of the world"—[Here *Trim* kept waving his right-hand from the ſermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the concluſion of the paragraph.]

" In how many kingdoms of the world " has the cruſading ſword of this miſ- " guided ſaint-errant, ſpared neither age " or merit, or ſex, or condition?—and, " as he fought under the banners of a " religion which ſet him looſe from juſ- " tice and humanity, he ſhewed none; " mercileſsly trampled upon both,—

" heard neither the cries of the unfor-
" tunate, nor pitied their diſtreſſes."

[I have been in many a battle, an' pleaſe your Honour, quoth *Trim*, ſighing, but never in ſo melancholy a one as this. —I would not have drawn a tricker in it againſt theſe poor ſouls,——to have been made a general officer.——Why? what do you underſtand of the affair? ſaid Dr. *Slop*, looking towards *Trim*, with ſomething more of contempt than the Corporal's honeſt heart deſerved.——What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?—I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refuſed quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it;——but to a woman or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my muſket at them, I would loſe my life a thouſand times.—— Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiah* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and I'll give *Obadiah* another too. —God bleſs your Honour, replied *Trim*, ——I had rather theſe poor women and children had it. —— Thou art an honeſt fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——My fa-

ther nodded his head,—as much as to ſay,—and ſo he is.——

But prithee, *Trim*, ſaid my father, make an end,—for I ſee thou haſt but a leaf or two left.

Corporal *Trim* read on.]

" If the teſtimony of paſt centuries " in this matter is not ſufficient,—con- " ſider at this inſtant, how the votaries " of that religion are every day think- " ing to do ſervice and honour to God, " by actions which are a diſhonour and " ſcandal to themſelves.

" To be convinced of this, go with " me for a moment into the priſons of " the Inquiſition."—[God help my poor brother *Tom.*]—" Behold *Religion*, with " *Mercy* and *Juſtice* chained down under " her feet,——there ſitting ghaſtly upon " a black tribunal, propped up with " racks and inſtruments of torment. " Hark!—hark! what a piteous groan!" —[Here *Trim*'s face turned as pale as aſhes.]——" See the melancholy wretch " who uttered it"—[Here the tears began to trickle down.]——" juſt brought

" [illegible] to undergo the anguiſh of a mock " trial, and endure the utmoſt pains that " a ſtudied ſyſtem of cruelty has been " able to invent." — [D—n them all, quoth *Trim*, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—" Behold this " helpleſs victim delivered up to his tor- " mentors, — his body ſo waſted with " ſorrow and confinement." —— [Oh! 'tis my brother, cried poor *Trim* in a moſt paſſionate exclamation, dropping the ſermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together — I fear 'tis poor *Tom*. My father's and my uncle *Toby*'s heart yearned with ſympathy for the poor fellow's diſtreſs; even *Slop* himſelf acknowledged pity for him.——Why, *Trim*, ſaid my father, this is not a hiſtory,——'tis a ſermon thou art reading; prithee begin the ſentence again.]——" Behold this " helpleſs victim delivered up to his " tormentors,—his body ſo waſted with " ſorrow and confinement, you will ſee " every nerve and muſcle as it ſuffers.

" Obſerve the laſt movement of that " horrid engine!"—[I would rather face

a cannon, quoth *Trim*, ſtamping.]—" See " what convulſions it has thrown him " into!——Conſider the nature of the " poſture in which he now lies ſtretched, " —what exquiſite tortures he endures " by it!"—[I hope 'tis not in *Portugal.*] —" 'Tis all nature can bear! Good " God! ſee how it keeps his weary ſoul " hanging upon his trembling lips!" [I would not read another line of it, quoth *Trim*, for all this *world*;—I fear, an' pleaſe your Honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Tom* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an hiſtorical account,—'tis a deſcription.—'Tis only a deſcription, honeſt man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it.——That's another ſtory, replied my father. — However, as *Trim* reads it with ſo much concern,—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.— Give me hold of the ſermon, *Trim*,—I'll finiſh it for thee, and thou may'ſt go. I muſt ſtay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your Honour will allow me;—tho' I would not read it myſelf for a Colonel's

pay.——Poor *Trim!* quoth my uncle *Toby.* My father went on.]—

" ——Conſider the nature of the poſ-
" ture in which he now lies ſtretched,—
" what exquiſite torture he endures by
" it!—'Tis all nature can bear! Good
" God! See how it keeps his weary ſoul
" hanging upon his trembling lips,—
" willing to take its leave,——but not
" ſuffered to depart!—Behold the un-
" happy wretch led back to his cell!"
——[Then, thank God, however, quoth *Trim*, they have not killed him.]—" See
" him dragged out of it again to meet
" the flames, and the inſults in his laſt
" agonies, which this principle,—this
" principle, that there can be religion
" without mercy, has prepared for him."
——[Then, thank God,——he is dead, quoth *Trim*,—he is out of his pain,—and they have done their worſt at him.—O Sirs!—Hold your peace, *Trim*, ſaid my father, going on with the ſermon, leſt *Trim* ſhould incenſe Dr. *Slop*,—we ſhall never have done at this rate.]

" The ſureſt way to try the merit of

" any diſputed notion is, to trace down " the conſequences ſuch a notion has " produced, and compare them with the " ſpirit of Chriſtianity;——'tis the ſhort " and deciſive rule which our Saviour " hath left us, for theſe and ſuch like " caſes, and it is worth a thouſand ar- " guments —— *By their fruits ye ſhall* " *know them.*

" I will add no farther to the length " of this ſermon, than by two or three " ſhort and independent rules deducible " from it.

" *Firſt*, Whenever a man talks loudly " againſt religion, always ſuſpect that " it is not his reaſon, but his paſ- " ſions, which have got the better of his " CREED. A bad life and a good be- " lief are diſagreeable and troubleſome " neighbours, and where they ſeparate, " depend upon it, 'tis for no other cauſe " but quietneſs ſake.

" *Secondly*, When a man, thus repre- " ſented, tells you in any particular in- " ſtance,——That ſuch a thing goes

" againſt his conſcience,——always be-
" lieve he means exactly the ſame thing,
" as when he tells you ſuch a thing goes
" *againſt* his ſtomach; — a preſent want
" of appetite being generally the true
" cauſe of both.

" In a word,—truſt that man in no-
" thing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in
" every thing.

" And, in your own caſe, remember
" this plain diſtinction, a miſtake in
" which has ruined thouſands, — that
" your conſcience is not a law:—No,
" God and reaſon made the law, and
" have placed conſcience within you to
" determine; —— not, like an *Aſiatic*
" Cadi, according to the ebbs and flows
" of his own paſſions,—but like a *Bri-*
" *tiſh* judge in this land of liberty and
" good ſenſe, who makes no new law,
" but faithfully declares that law which
" he knows already written."

F I N I S.

Thou haſt read the ſermon extremely well, *Trim*, quoth my father.—If he had ſpared his comments, replied Dr. *Slop*, ——he would have read it much better. I ſhould have read it ten times better, Sir, anſwered *Trim*, but that my heart was ſo full.—That was the very reaſon, *Trim*, replied my father, which has made thee read the ſermon as well as thou haſt done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to Dr. *Slop*, would take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done,—as their compoſitions are fine;—[I deny it, quoth Dr. *Slop*]—I maintain it,—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with ſuch ſubjects to enflame it, would be a model for the whole world:—— But alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with ſorrow, that, like *French* politicians in this reſpect, what they gain in the cabinet they loſe in the field.——'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this ſhould be loſt. I like the ſermon well, replied my father,——'tis dramatick,—and there is ſomething in that

way of writing, when ſkilfully managed, which catches the attention. —— We preach much in that way with us, ſaid Dr. *Slop*.—I know that very well, ſaid my father,——but in a tone and manner which diſguſted Dr. *Slop*, full as much as his aſſent, ſimply, could have pleaſed him.——But in this, added Dr. *Slop*, a little piqued,—our ſermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a ſaint.—There are ſome very bad characters in this, however, ſaid my father, and I do not think the ſermon a jot the worſe for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—who's can this be?—How could it get into my *Stevinus*? A man muſt be as great a conjurer as *Stevinus*, ſaid my father, to reſolve the ſecond queſtion:—The firſt, I think, is not ſo difficult;—for unleſs my judgment greatly deceives me,——I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parſon of the pariſh.

The ſimilitude of the ſtile and manner

of it, with thoſe my father conſtantly had heard preached in his pariſh-church, was the ground of his conjecture,—proving it as ſtrongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove ſuch a thing to a philoſophic mind, That it was *Yorick*'s and no one's elſe:—It was proved to be ſo, *à poſteriori*, the day after, when *Yorick* ſent a ſervant to my uncle *Toby*'s houſe to enquire after it.

It ſeems that *Yorick*, who was inquiſitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed *Stevinus* of my uncle *Toby*, and had careleſly popped his ſermon, as ſoon he had made it, into the middle of *Stevinus*; and by an act of forgetfulneſs, to which he was ever ſubject, he had ſent *Stevinus* home, and his ſermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated ſermon! Thou waſt loſt, after this recovery of thee, a ſecond time, dropped thro' an unſuſpected fiſſure in thy maſter's pocket, down into a treacherous and a tattered lining,—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his

Roſinante inhumanly ſtepping upon thee as thou falledſt;—buried ten days in the mire,——raiſed up out of it by a beggar,—ſold for a halfpenny to a pariſh-clerk,——transferred to his parſon,——loſt for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days,——nor reſtored to his reſtleſs MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the ſtory.

Can the reader believe, that this ſermon of *Yorick*'s was preached at an aſſize, in the cathedral of *York*, before a thouſand witneſſes, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,——and within ſo ſhort a ſpace as two years and three months after *Yorick*'s death?—*Yorick* indeed, was never better ſerved in his life;——but it was a little hard to maltreat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with *Yorick*,—and, in conſcious juſtice, printed but a

few copies to give away;—and that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himſelf, had he thought fit,—I declare I would not have publiſhed this anecdote to the world;——nor do I publiſh it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church;——I leave that to others;—but I find myſelf impelled by two reaſons, which I cannot withſtand.

The firſt is, That in doing juſtice, I may give reſt to *Yorick*'s ghoſt;——which,—as the country-people, and ſome others, believe,——*ſtill walks.*

The ſecond reaſon is, That, by laying open this ſtory to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it,—That in caſe the character of parſon *Yorick*, and this ſample of his ſermons, is liked,——there are now in the poſſeſſion of the *Shandy* family, as many as will make a handſome volume, at the world's ſervice,——and much good may they do it.

CHAP. XLIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without diſpute; for he came in jingling, with all the inſtruments in the green baize bag we ſpoke of, ſlung acroſs his body, juſt as Corporal *Trim* went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of ſome ſervice to Mrs. *Shandy*, to ſend up ſtairs to know how ſhe goes on.

I have ordered, anſwered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the leaſt difficulty;—for you muſt know, Dr. *Slop*, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a ſmile upon his countenance, that by expreſs treaty, ſolemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair,—and not ſo much as that,—unleſs the lean old mother of a midwife above ſtairs cannot do without you.—

Women have their particular fancies, and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and ſuffer ſo much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the ſpecies,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whoſe hands, and in what faſhion, they chooſe to undergo it.

They are in the right of it,—quoth my uncle *Toby*. But, Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, not taking notice of my uncle *Toby*'s opinion, but turning to my father,—they had better govern in other points;——and a father of a family, who wiſhes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up ſome other rights in lieu of it.——I know not, quoth my father, anſwering a little too teſtily, to be quite diſpaſſionate in what he ſaid,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who ſhall bring our children into the world, unleſs that,—of who ſhall beget them.——One would al-

moſt give up any thing, replied Dr. *Slop*. —I beg your pardon,——anſwered my uncle *Toby*. — Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, it would aſtoniſh you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obſtetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one ſingle point of the ſafe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*,——which has received ſuch lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has——I wiſh, quoth my uncle *Toby*, you had ſeen what prodigious armies we had in *Flanders*.

CHAP. XLIV.

I Have dropped the curtain over this ſcene for a minute,——to remind you of one thing,——and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due courſe;—— for it ſhould have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foreſaw

then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elſewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the ſpirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When theſe two things are done,—the curtain ſhall be drawn up again, and my uncle *Toby*, my father, and Dr. *Slop*, ſhall go on with their diſcourſe, without any more interruption.

Firſt, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this;——that from the ſpecimens of ſingularity in my father's notions in the point of Chriſtian-names, and that other previous point thereto,—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am ſure I ſaid as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimſical in fifty other opinions. In truth, there was not a ſtage in the life of man, from the very firſt act of his begetting,——down to the lean and ſlippered pantaloon in his ſecond childiſhneſs, but he had ſome favourite notion to himſelf, ſpringing out of it, as ſceptical, and as far out of the high-way

of thinking, as theſe two which have been explained.

—Mr. *Shandy*, my father, Sir, would ſee nothing in the light in which others placed it;—he placed things in his own light;—he would weigh nothing in common ſcales;—no, he was too refined a reſearcher to lie open to ſo groſs an impoſition.—To come at the exact weight of things in the ſcientific ſteel-yard, the fulcrum, he would ſay, ſhould be almoſt inviſible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this the minutiæ of philoſophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all. Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was diviſible *in infinitum*;—— that the grains and ſcruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would ſay, error was error,—no matter where it fell, ——whether in a fraction,—or a pound, —'twas alike fatal to truth, and ſhe was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a miſtake in the duſt of a butterfly's wing,——as in the diſk of

the ſun, the moon, and all the ſtars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of conſidering this properly, and of applying it ſkilfully to civil matters, as well as to ſpeculative truths, that ſo many things in this world were out of joint; ——that the political arch was giving way;——and that the very foundations of our excellent conſtitution, in church and ſtate, were ſo ſapped as eſtimators had reported.

You cry out, he would ſay, we are a ruined, undone people. Why? he would aſk, making uſe of the ſorites or ſyllogiſm of *Zeno* and *Chryſippus*, without knowing it belonged to them.—Why? why are we a ruined people? — Becauſe we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?—— Becauſe we are needy;——our poverty, and not our wills, conſent. —— And wherefore, he would add, are we needy? —From the neglect, he would anſwer, of our pence and our halfpence:—Our bank

notes, Sir, our guineas,—nay our ſhillings take care of themſelves.

'Tis the ſame, he would ſay, throughout the whole circle of the ſciences;—the great, the eſtabliſhed points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themſelves;—but error——(he would add, looking earneſtly at my mother) —— error, Sir, creeps in thro' the minute holes and ſmall crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of:—The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reſerved for this place, is as follows.

Amongſt the many and excellent reaſons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. *Slop*'s aſſiſtance preferably to that of the old woman,——there was one of a very ſingular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Chriſtian, and came to argue it over

again with her as a philoſopher, he had put his whole ſtrength to, depending indeed upon it as his ſheet-anchor.——It failed him; tho' from no defect in the argument itſelf; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his ſoul to make her comprehend the drift of it.——Curſed luck!——ſaid he to himſelf, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been ſtating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpoſe;—curſed luck! ſaid he, biting his lip as he ſhut the door,——for a man to be maſter of one of the fineſt chains of reaſoning in nature,—and have a wife at the ſame time with ſuch a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a ſingle inference within ſide of it, to ſave his ſoul from deſtruction.

This argument, though it was entirely loſt upon my mother,—— had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it juſtice,—and ſet it forth with all the perſpicuity I am maſter of.

My father ſet out upon the ſtrength of theſe two following axioms:

Firſt, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (Which by the bye, was the ground-work of the firſt axiom,——tho' it comes laſt) That every man's wit muſt come from every man's own ſoul,——and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all ſouls were by nature equal,——and that the great difference between the moſt acute and the moſt obtuſe underſtanding——was from no original ſharpneſs or bluntneſs of one thinking ſubſtance above or below another,——but aroſe merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the ſoul principally took up her reſidence,——he had made it the ſubject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the beſt accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was ſatisfied it could not be where *Des Cartes*

had fixed it, upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philoſophized, formed a cuſhion for her about the ſize of a marrow pea; tho', to ſpeak the truth, as ſo many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;——and my father had certainly fallen with that great philoſopher plumb into the centre of the miſtake, had it not been for my uncle *Toby*, who reſcued him out of it, by a ſtory he told him of a *Walloon* officer at the battle of *Landen*, who had one part of his brain ſhot away by a muſket-ball,—and another part of it taken out after by a *French* ſurgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, ſaid my father, reaſoning with himſelf, is nothing but the ſeparation of the ſoul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their buſineſs without brains,—then certes the ſoul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, ſubtle and very fragrant juice which *Coglioniſſi-*

no Borri, the great *Milaneze* phyſician, affirms, in a letter to *Bartholine*, to have diſcovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewiſe affirms to be the principal ſeat of the reaſonable ſoul, (for, you muſt know, in theſe latter and more enlightened ages, there are two ſouls in every man living,—the one, according to the great *Metheglingius*, being called the *Animus*, the other, the *Anima*;)—as for the opinion, I ſay, of *Borri*,—my father could never ſubſcribe to it by any means; the very idea of ſo noble, ſo refined, ſo immaterial, and ſo exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her reſidence, and ſitting dabbling, like a tad-pole all day long, both ſummer and winter, in a puddle,——or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin ſoever, he would ſay, ſhocked his imagination; he would ſcarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, ſeemed the leaſt liable to objections of any, was that the chief ſenſorium, or head-quarters of the

ſoul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were iſſued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum,— or rather ſomewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by *Dutch* anatomiſts, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the ſeven ſenſes concentered, like ſtreets and winding alleys, into a ſquare.

So far there was nothing ſingular in my father's opinion,—he had the beſt of philoſophers, of all ages and climates, to go along with him.——But here he took a road of his own, ſetting up another *Shandean* hypotheſis upon theſe corner-ſtones they had laid for him;—— and which ſaid hypotheſis equally ſtood its ground; whether the ſubtilty and fineneſs of the ſoul depended upon the temperature and clearneſs of the ſaid liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itſelf; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation

of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehenſible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is uſually meant by the name of good natural parts, do conſiſt;—that next to this and his Chriſtian-name, which were the two original and moſt efficacious cauſes of all;—— that the third cauſe, or rather what logicians call the *Cauſa ſine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of ſignificance,——was the preſervation of this delicate and fine-ſpun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compreſſion and cruſh which the head was made to undergo, by the nonſenſical method of bringing us into the world by that foremoſt.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senoneſis de Portu difficili**, publiſhed by

* The author is here twice miſtaken; for *Lithopædus* ſhould be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonenſis Icon.* The

Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable ſtate of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no ſutures at that time, was ſuch, ——that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in ſtrong labour-pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of 470 pounds averdupois acting perpendicularly upon it;—it ſo happened, that in 49 inſtances out of 50, the ſaid head was compreſſed and moulded into the ſhape of an oblong conical piece of dough, ſuch as a paſtry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.—Good God! cried my father, what havock and deſtruction muſt this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is ſuch a juice as *Berri* pre-

ſecond miſtake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, publiſhed by *Athoſius* 1580, may be ſeen at the end of *Cordæus*'s works in *Spachius*. Mr. *Triſtram Shandy* has been led into this error, either from ſeeing *Lithopædus*'s name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Dr. ——, or by miſtaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*,——from the too great ſimilitude of the names.

tends,—is it not enough to make the cleareſt liquid in the world both feculent and mothery.

But how great was his apprehenſion, when he farther underſtood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itſelf or cerebrum,—but that it neceſſarily ſqueezed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate ſeat of the underſtanding!—— Angels and miniſters of grace defend us! cried my father, —— can any ſoul withſtand this ſhock?—No wonder the intellectual web is ſo rent and tattered as we ſee it; and that ſo many of our beſt heads are no better than a puzzled ſkein of ſilk—— all perplexity,——all confuſion within-ſide.

But when my father read on, and was let into the ſecret, that when a child was turned topſy-turvy, which was eaſy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet; — that inſtead of the cerebrum being propelled towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was pro-

pelled ſimply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt: ——By heavens! cried he, the world is in conſpiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,——and the profeſſors of the obſtetric art are liſted into the ſame conſpiracy.—What is it to me which end of my ſon comes foremoſt into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum eſcapes uncruſhed?

It is the nature of an hypotheſis, when once a man has conceived it, that it aſſimilates every thing to itſelf, as proper nouriſhment; and, from the firſt moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the ſtronger by every thing you ſee, hear, read, or underſtand. This is of great uſe.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was ſcarce a phœnomenon of ſtupidity or of genius, which he could not readily ſolve by it;—it accounted for the eldeſt ſon being the greateſt blockhead in the family.—— Poor devil, he would ſay,—he made way for the capacity of his younger bro-

thers.——It unriddled the obſervations of drivellers and monſtrous heads,——ſhewing *à priori*, it could not be otherwiſe,——unleſs **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the *Aſiatic* genius, and that ſprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the looſe and common-place ſolution of a clearer ſky, and a more perpetual ſunſhine, *&c.*—which for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the ſoul into nothing, by one extreme, — as they are condenſed in colder climates by the other;——but he traced the affair up to its ſpring-head;—ſhewed that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the faireſt parts of the creation;—their pleaſures more; — the neceſſity of their pains leſs, inſomuch that the preſſure and reſiſtance upon the vertex was ſo ſlight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preſerved;——nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that ſo much as a ſingle thread of the net-

work was broke or diſplaced,——ſo that the ſoul might juſt act as ſhe liked.

When my father had got ſo far,——what a blaze of light did the accounts of the *Cæſarian* ſection, and of the towering geniuſes who had come ſafe into the world by it, caſt upon this hypotheſis? Here you ſee, he would ſay, there was no injury done to the ſenſorium;—no preſſure of the head againſt the pelvis;——no propulſion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this ſide, or the *os coxygis* on that;——and pray, what were the happy conſequences? Why, Sir, your *Julius Cæſar*, who gave the operation a name;—and your *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, who was born ſo before ever the operation had a name;——your *Scipio Africanus*; your *Manlius Torquatus*; our *Edward* the Sixth,—who, had he lived, would have done the ſame honour to the hypotheſis:——Theſe, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came *ſide-way*, Sir, into the world.

The inciſion of the *abdomen* and *uterus*

ran for ſix weeks together in my father's head;———he had read, and was ſatisfied, that wounds in the *epigaſtrium*, and thoſe in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—ſo that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a paſſage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother,——— merely as a matter of fact; but ſeeing her turn as pale as aſhes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,—he thought it as well to ſay no more of it,———contenting himſelf with admiring,—what he thought was to no purpoſe to propoſe.

This was my father Mr. *Shandy*'s hypotheſis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother *Bobby* did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we ſpoke of: For happening not only to be chriſtened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at *Epſom*,——being moreover my mother's *firſt* child,—coming into the world with his head *foremoſt*,—and turning out af-

terwards a lad of wonderful ſlow parts, ——my father ſpelt all theſe together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the ſifterhood, who are not eaſily to be put out of their way, —— and was therefore one of my father's great reaſons in favour of a man of ſcience, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. *Slop* was the fitteſt for my father's purpoſe;—— for though this new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the ſafeſt inſtrument of deliverance, yet, it ſeems, he had ſcattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;——tho' not with a view to the ſoul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's ſyſtem,—but for reaſons merely obſtetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. *Slop*, in the enſuing diſcourſe, which went a little hard

againſt my uncle *Toby*.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common ſenſe, could bear up againſt two ſuch allies in ſcience, — is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you pleaſe, —— and whilſt your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and diſcover by what cauſes and effects in nature it could come to paſs, that my uncle *Toby* got his modeſty by the wound he received upon his groin. —You may raiſe a ſyſtem to account for the loſs of my noſe by marriage-articles, —and ſhew the world how it could happen, that I ſhould have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in oppoſition to my father's hypotheſis, and the wiſh of the whole family, Godfathers and Godmothers not excepted.—Theſe, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to ſolve if you have time; ——but I tell you beforehand it will be in vain, for not the ſage *Alquiſe*, the magician in Don *Belianis* of *Greece*, nor the no leſs famous *Urganda*, the ſorcereſs his wife, (were they alive) could

pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of theſe matters till the next year,——when a ſeries of things will be laid open which he little expects.

CHAP. XLV.

——"*I Wiſh*, Dr. *Slop*," quoth my uncle *Toby*, (repeating his wiſh for Dr. *Slop* a ſecond time, and with a degree of more zeal and earneſtneſs in his manner of wiſhing, than he had wiſhed at firſt*) —— "*I wiſh, Dr. Slop*," quoth my uncle *Toby*, "*you had ſeen* "*what prodigious armies we had in* Flan- "ders."

My uncle *Toby*'s wiſh did Dr. *Slop* a diſſervice which his heart never intended any man,—Sir, it confounded him ——and thereby putting his ideas firſt

* Vide page 260.

into confuſion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the ſoul of him.

In all diſputes,—— male or female, ——whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the caſe;—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wiſh coming ſideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the ſafeſt way in general to take off the force of the wiſh, is for the party wiſh'd at, inſtantly to get upon his legs—and wiſh the *wiſher* ſomething in return, of pretty near the ſame value,—— ſo balancing the account upon the ſpot, you ſtand as you were—nay ſometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illuſtrated to the world in my chapter of wiſhes.—

Dr. *Slop* did not underſtand the nature of this defence;—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire ſtop to the diſpute for four minutes and a half;—five had been fatal to it:—my father ſaw the danger—the diſpute was one of the moſt intereſting diſputes in the world, "Whe-

ther the child of his prayers and endeavours ſhould be born without a head or with one:" — he waited to the laſt moment, to allow Dr. *Slop*, in whoſe behalf the wiſh was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I ſay, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye which puzzled ſouls generally ſtare with — firſt in my uncle *Toby*'s face—then in his—then up—then down—then eaſt—eaſt and by eaſt, and ſo on,——coaſting it along by the plinth of the wainſcot till he had got to the oppoſite point of the compaſs, ——and that he had actually begun to count the braſs nails upon the arm of his chair,—my father thought there was no time to be loſt with my uncle *Toby*, ſo took up the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XLVI.

" —WHAT prodigious armies you " had in *Flanders!*"——

Brother *Toby*, replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with his

right hand, and with his *left* pulling out a ſtriped *India* handkerchief from his right coat pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my uncle *Toby*.——

——Now, in this I think my father was much to blame; and I will give you my reaſons for it.

Matters of no more ſeeming conſequence in themſelves than, "*Whether my father ſhould have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left*,"——have divided the greateſt kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them, to totter upon their heads.——But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumſtances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its ſize and ſhape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent or not indifferent, juſt as the caſe happens?

As my father's *India* handkerchief was in his right coat pocket, he ſhould by no means have ſuffered his right hand

to have got engaged: on the contrary, inſtead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat pocket and taken it out; —— which he might have done without any violence, or the leaſt ungraceful twiſt in any one tendon or muſcle of his whole body.

In this caſe (unleſs, indeed, my father had been reſolved to make a fool of himſelf by holding the wig ſtiff in his left hand——or by making ſome nonſenſical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or armpit) — his whole attitude had been eaſy — natural — unforced: *Reynolds* himſelf, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he ſat.

Now as my father managed this matter, — conſider what a devil of a figure my father made of himſelf.

In the latter end of Queen *Anne*'s

reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King *George* the firſt—" *Coat pockets were cut very low down in the ſkirt.*"—I need ſay no more—the father of miſchief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worſe faſhion for one in my father's ſituation.

CHAP. XLVII.

IT was not an eaſy matter in any king's reign (unleſs you were as lean a ſubject as myſelf) to have forced your hand diagonally, quite acroſs your whole body, ſo as to gain the bottom of your oppoſite coat pocket. —— In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; ſo that when my uncle *Toby* diſcovered the tranſverſe zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it inſtantly brought into his mind thoſe he had done duty in, before the gate of *St. Nicolas*;——the idea of which drew off his attention ſo intirely from the ſubject in debate, that he had got his right hand

to the bell to ring up *Trim* to go and fetch his map of *Namur*, and his compaſſes and ſector along with it, to meaſure the returning angles of the traverſes of that attack,—but particularly of that one, where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh up into his face —— my uncle *Toby* diſmounted immediately.

——I did not apprehend your uncle *Toby* was o' horſeback.———

CHAP. XLVIII.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmoſt reverence to both I ſpeak it, are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining; — rumple the one, — you rumple the other. There is one certain exception however in this caſe, and that is, when you are ſo fortunate a fellow, as to have had your jerkin made of gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a ſarcenet or thin perſian.

Zeno, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes Babylonius*, *Dionyſius*, *Heracleotes*, *Antipater*, *Panætius*, and *Poſſidonius* amongſt the *Greeks*;——*Cato* and *Varro* and *Seneca* amongſt the *Romans*;——*Pantenus* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* and *Montaigne* amongſt the Chriſtians; and a ſcore and a half of good, honeſt, unthinking *Shandean* people as ever lived, whoſe names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerkins were made after this faſhion,—you might have rumpled and crumpled, and doubled and creaſed, and fretted and fridged the outſide of them all to pieces;——in ſhort, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the ſame time, not one of the inſides of them would have been one button the worſe, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conſcience that mine is made up ſomewhat after this ſort:——for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at ſuch a rate as it has been theſe laſt nine months together,——and yet I declare, the lining to it,———as far as I am a judge of the matter,——is not a

three-penny piece the worſe;—pell-mell, helter-ſkelter, ding-dong, cut and thruſt, back ſtroke and fore ſtroke, ſide way and long way, have they been trimming it for me:—had there been the leaſt gumminess in my lining,—by heaven! it had all of it long ago been frayed and fretted to a thread.

———You Meſſrs. the Monthly reviewers!———how could you cut and ſlaſh my jerkin as you did?——how did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily and from my ſoul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs,—ſo God bleſs you;—only next month, if any one of you ſhould gnaſh his teeth, and ſtorm and rage at me, as ſome of you did laſt MAY (in which I remember the weather was very hot)—don't be exaſperated, if I paſs it by again with good temper,—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my caſe means the ſame thing) never to give the honeſt gentleman a worſe

word or a worſe wiſh than my uncle *Toby* gave the fly which buzz'd about his noſe all *dinner-time*,——" Go,—go, " poor devil," quoth he,—" get thee " gone,—why ſhould I hurt thee? This " world is ſurely wide enough to hold " both thee and me."

CHAP. XLIX.

ANY man, Madam, reaſoning upwards, and obſerving the prodigious ſuffuſion of blood in my father's countenance,—by means of which (as all the blood in his body ſeemed to ruſh into his face, as I told you) he muſt have reddened, pictorically and ſcientifically ſpeaking, ſix whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour:—any man, Madam, but my uncle *Toby*, who had obſerved this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair,—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted,—had

he been a lover of ſuch kind of concord as ariſes from two ſuch inſtruments being put in exact tune,—he would inſtantly have ſkrew'd up his, to the ſame pitch; —and then the devil and all had broke looſe—the whole piece, Madam, muſt have been played off like the ſixth of Aviſon Scarlatti—*con furia*,—like mad. —Grant me patience!—— What has *con furia*, —— *con ſtrepito*, —— or any other hurly burly whatever to do with harmony?

Any man, I ſay, Madam, but my uncle *Toby*, the benignity of whoſe heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindeſt ſenſe the motion would admit of, would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My uncle *Toby* blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole;—— ſo ſitting ſtill till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpreſſible-good-will —— my father, at length, went on as follows.

CHAP. L.

" ——WHAT prodigious armies you
" had in *Flanders!*"

——Brother *Toby*, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honeſt a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created;——nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, ſhall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremoſt into the world:——but believe me, dear *Toby*, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,——though theſe, in my opinion, are well worth conſidering,——but the dangers and difficulties our children are beſet with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow,—little need is there to expoſe them to unneceſſary ones in their paſſage to it.——Are theſe dangers, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up ſeriouſly in his face for an anſwer, ——are theſe dangers greater now o'days,

brother, than in times paſt? Brother *Toby*, anſwered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it, —our forefathers never looked farther, ——My uncle *Toby* inſtantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raiſed his head till he could juſt ſee the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muſcles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muſcles around his lips to do their duty—he whiſtled *Lillabullero*.

CHAP. LI.

WHILST my uncle *Toby* was whiſtling *Lillabullero* to my father,—Dr. *Slop* was ſtamping, and curſing and damning at *Obadiah* at a moſt dreadful rate, ——— it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile ſin of ſwearing, to have heard him.—I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr. *Slop*'s maid delivered the green baize bag with her maſter's inſtruments in it, to *Obadiah*, ſhe very ſenſibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the ſtrings, and ride with it ſlung acroſs his body: ſo undoing the bow-knot, to lengthen the ſtrings for him, without any more ado, ſhe helped him on with it. However, as this, in ſome meaſure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, leſt any thing ſhould bolt out in galloping back, at the ſpeed *Obadiah* threatened, they conſulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two ſtrings and tied them cloſe (purſing up the mouth of the bag firſt) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which *Obadiah*, to make all ſafe, had twitched and drawn together with all the ſtrength of his body.

This anſwered all that *Obadiah* and the maid intended; but was no remedy againſt ſome evils which neither he or ſhe foreſaw. The inſtruments, it ſeems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had

ſo much room to play in it, towards the bottom (the ſhape of the bag being conical) that *Obadiah* could not make a trot of it, but with ſuch a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *ſquirt*, as would have been enough, had *Hymen* been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when *Obadiah* accelerated his motion, and from a plain trot aſſayed to prick his coach-horſe into a full gallop—— by Heaven! Sir, the jingle was incredible.

As *Obadiah* had a wife and three children —— the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill conſequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain,——he had however his objection, which came home to himſelf, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greateſt patriots. ——" *The poor fellow, Sir, was not able to bear himſelf whiſtle.*"

CHAP. LII.

AS *Obadiah* loved wind-muſic preferably to all the inſtrumental muſic he carried with him,—he very conſiderately ſet his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he ſhould put himſelf in a condition of enjoying it.

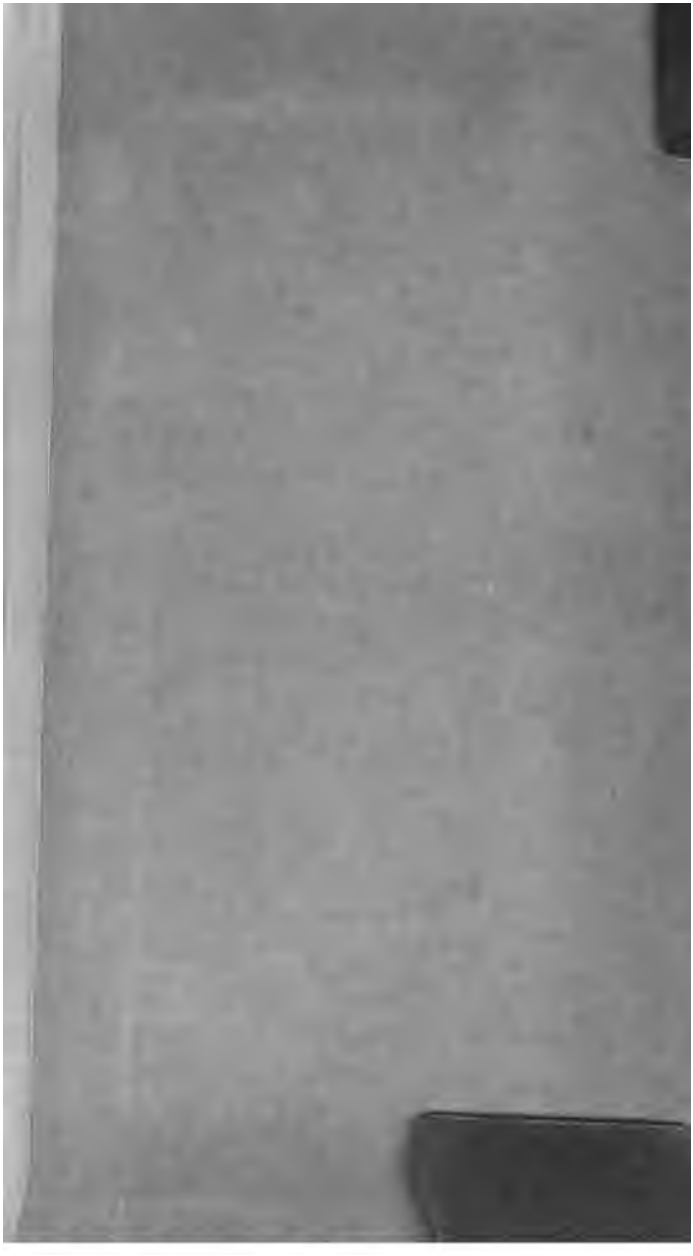
In all diſtreſſes (except muſical) where ſmall cords are wanted, nothing is ſo apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philoſophy of this is ſo near the ſurface——I ſcorn to enter into it.

As *Obadiah*'s was a mix'd caſe——mark, Sirs,——I ſay, a mixed caſe; for it was obſtetrical,——*ſcrip*-tical, ſquirtical, papiſtical——and as far as the coach-horſe was concerned in it,——caballiſtical——and only partly muſical;—*Obadiah* made no ſcruple of availing himſelf of the firſt expedient which offered; ſo taking hold of the bag and inſtruments, and griping them hard to-

gether with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then ſlipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and croſs-tied them all faſt together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with ſuch a multiplicity of round-abouts and intricate croſs turns, with a hard knot at every interſection or point where the ſtrings met,—that Dr. *Slop* muſt have had three fifths of *Job*'s patience at leaſt to have unlooſed them.—I think in my conſcience, that had NATURE been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for ſuch a conteſt——and ſhe and Dr. *Slop* both fairly ſtarted together——there is no man living who had ſeen the bag with all that *Obadiah* had done to it,—and known likewiſe the great ſpeed the Goddeſs can make when ſhe thinks proper, who would have had the leaſt doubt remaining in his mind——which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered ſooner than the green bag infallibly——

at leaſt by twenty *knots*.——Sport of ſmall accidents, *Triſtram Shandy!* that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,——thy affairs had not been ſo depreſs'd—(at leaſt by the depreſſion of my noſe) as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy houſe and the occaſions of making them, which have ſo often preſented themſelves in the courſe of thy life, to thee, been ſo often, ſo vexatiouſly, ſo tamely, ſo irrecoverably abandoned—as thou haſt been forced to leave them;——but 'tis over,——all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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